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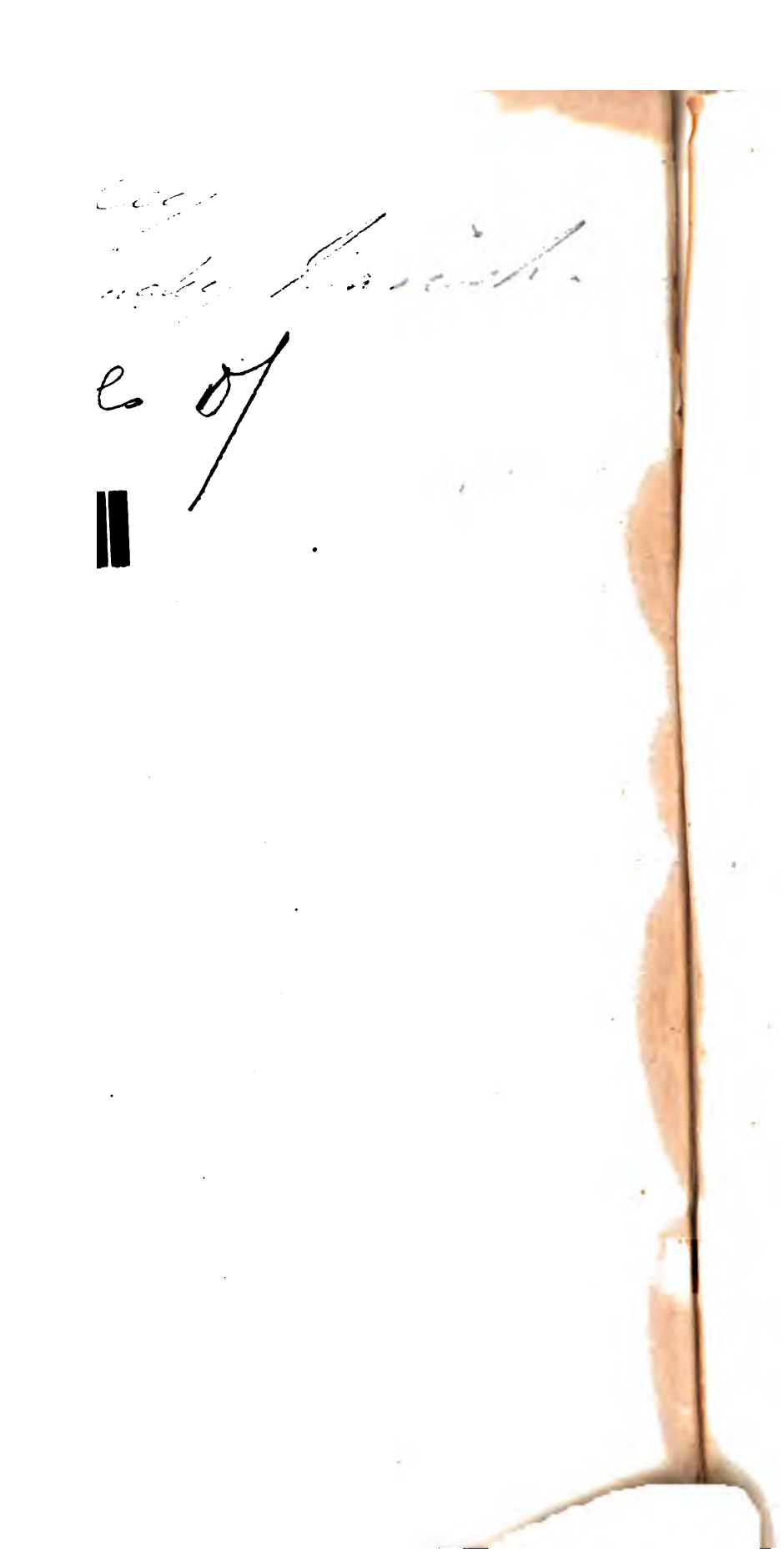

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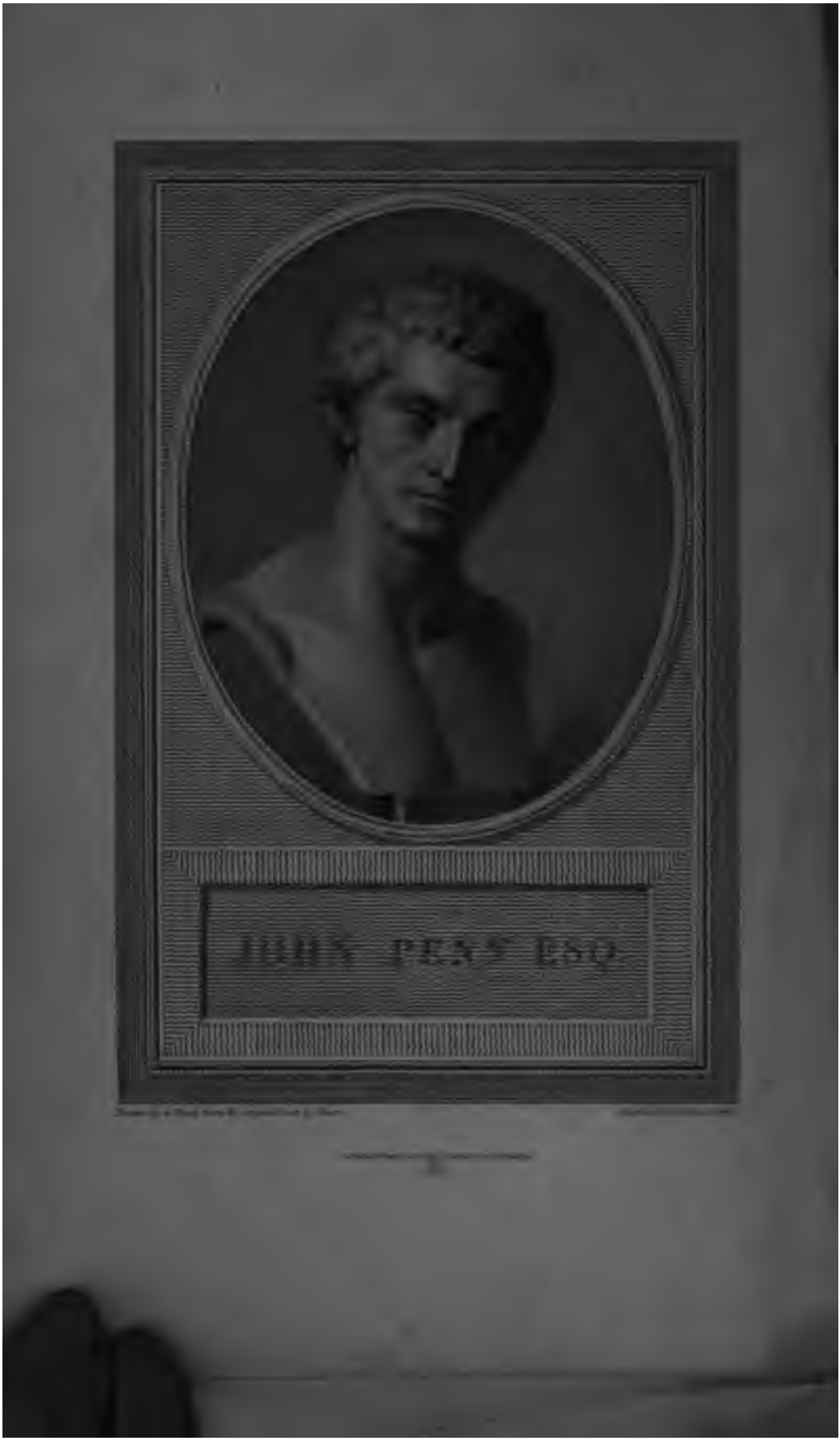
JOHN PEAT ESQ.

POEMS,

BY JOHN PENN, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL WORKS,

IMITATIONS, AND TRANSLATIONS.

——— Quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
Vita—— HOR.

Del vario stile, in ch'io piango, e ragiono
Fra le vane speranze——
Ove sia chi per prova intenda *amore*,
Spero trovar—non che perdono.
Ma del mio vaneggiar—è il frutto
—Il pentirsi, e'l conoscer chiaramente,
Che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno. PETRARCA.

VOL. I.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

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PREFACE.

THE present separate publication of my poems enables me to add some to the number, which I had intended to reserve till matter should be provided for a third volume of my Critical, Poetical, and Dramatic works. The greatest part of them I had not supposed in being when the second volume appeared. About two years ago, I received the only remaining copies from different friends, to whom I had applied with little hopes, that the search I was desirous should be made for them would prove successful. Since that time I have here and there corrected some, particularly those which, having been the earliest written, might be imagined the least finished. That which stands first in the

collection appears, from its subject as well as date, to be of this description. The revisal and publication of it were strongly urged by the desire of recording the melancholy fate of a friend and fellow-collegian; who, had he lived, might have shared, with such of his cotemporaries and acquaintances at the University as removed from it to form immediately, or some years after, the administration of the country, the honour justly derived from successful opposition to the errors of the age. I hope a like good fortune with mine, in the discovery of these lines, may be experienced by the Historian of India, whose loss of a poetical tribute paid by him also to the memory of this our common friend, will be conceived, by the readers of poetry, to be a matter of really just regret!

What will next require to be spoken of is, the *Continuation of Gray's Long Story*,

with new historical notes on the poem and Continuation (here printed together), which possibly some future editor of that poet may find of use to him. An apology for its appearance is furnished by the plates, which were the occasion of it, and which represent the poet's monument, and the pillar now erecting to Sir Edward Coke; both of them works of the chastest architecture. How prudential it might be to incur the expense of their construction, by taking advantage of an eminent artist's talents for an object which can scarcely seem to be of an entirely private nature, I will not pretend to determine; yet something may otherwise be said in favour of the undertaking. History had provided it a motive, by pointing out as worthy of imitation the example set by one of the family of Herodes Atticus. In allusion to the magnificent works of architecture pro-

jected and completed by him in consequence of the permission of a Roman emperor, conveyed in a jocose intimation, that if he chose it he might *abuse* his fortune, Gibbon is led to surmise, that many will be of opinion Atticus literally obeyed the emperor's orders; since he expended the greatest part of it, which had been increased, in the service of his country.*

* In a nation circumstanced like ours at the present time, the account given of this Athenian's family will have something natural to recommend it to attention. "Julius Atticus, his father, must have ended his life in poverty and contempt, had he not discovered an immense treasure buried under an old house, the last remains of his patrimony. According to the rigour of the law, the emperor might have asserted his claim; and the prudent Atticus prevented, by a frank confession, the officiousness of informers. But the equitable Nerva, who then filled the throne, refused to accept any part of it; and commanded him to use, without scruple, the present of fortune. The cautious Athenian still insisted that the treasure was too considerable for a subject, and that he knew not how to *use it*. '*Abuse it*, then,' replied

Before I quit the subject of the engravings, I shall here conclude all I have to remark upon them. The bust represented in the frontispiece, and which was executed while I was at Rome, possesses the recommendation of having been judged the best modern one, by an enlightened collector of a foreign royal family; who, in consequence, obtained a cast of it a few years ago, in order to honour it with a place in his collection at Warsaw. The villa near Philadelphia, was built by me while I resided in America; as was likewise the house in Buckinghamshire seen in the same view as the pillar, since my return to England.

In a former work, I mentioned my casual exemplification of the picturesque effect of a chorus; saying, that having some idea of

the monarch, with a good-natured peevishness, "for it is your own." Gibbon, Vol. I. p. 54, 4to. edit.

publishing my *national* play with prints, the subjects of which might be acceptable to the lover of his country, I requested an artist to select, with this view, that which he thought the best that it was able to furnish. As the latter parts of *every* tragedy have greater *animation*, I expected that one would have been selected from those parts of mine; but I found that he chose one in preference from the first act, and the eleventh scene. The design, therefore, depending so much on mere *grouping*, shews more clearly, in one of the prints now illustrating my tragedy, the advantage that may be derived to the drama, from the principles of painting, and consequently the connection of the two arts.

The subject of the Latin ode may make its composition seem the less chargeable with pedantry, as being less congenial with a modern language, and at the same time

natural to a young man who had not long relinquished his juvenile pursuits, and who was only just setting out upon his travels. The language in which it is written concurs, by its character, with the other contents of these volumes, to favour that attachment to *what is old*, which, when accompanied with respect for *rational improvement*, is desirable to check any dangerous propensity to change inspired by the seemingly philanthropic precepts of modern morality. Besides the classical enthusiasm, it discovers also the political prepossessions, of a young man. These however, were less to be wondered at, from being countenanced, in myself and others of a like age, by the public conduct of a late venerable statesman, whose actions were in general characterized with superlative wisdom, as they invariably were with the purest honour and the most ardent patriotism.

Of the poems which have been before published, I have chiefly to repeat what I have already said. They are the produce of that leisure which, though coming unsought for to the lover of literature, tends equally to multiply proofs of the natural bias of his mind. Part of them are only to be attributed to the occasions which apparently called them forth; but the generality are owing also, more or less, to a desire I had of exemplifying some points of criticism, and of possessing a sort of memorial of those judgments, which the pursuits I was engaged in had from time to time led me to form. As these opinions, therefore, bear rather a close relation to the poems collectively considered, I conceive, that to refer to some of the former in treating of the latter, will not only be thought not foreign to the purpose, but that, in affording new matter for reflection, it will sensibly

apologize to the reader, for calling his attention twice to the same compositions.

Before I specify any one in particular, I have only to observe concerning them all, that a finished and correct style has been attempted, and perhaps in some respects successfully; as well as that the example of certain innovations in the structure of the verse, and in the form of the expression (though I cannot say that they have *yet* prevailed generally) has been diligently guarded against. Instances of these are, first, where an affected or improper stress is laid upon the third syllable in the verse; as in the following instance:

The glad beam brightens——

I do not mean to say, that *our* Iambic does not allow a degree of stress to be laid upon the third syllable, which often improves

the effect. We find in every page verses like,

Of man's first disobedience——

And,

In these deep solitudes——

And Pope likewise cautiously, and where the sense supports him, introduces verses composed in the manner even of the first of these three examples: as,

The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.

Another mode of poetical expression, and which may be accounted *innovation* when frequently and commonly used, is where the verb precedes the nominative case. The best poets, who have indeed employed this construction, especially where the freedom of blank verse gave it greater propriety, have done so but sparingly. We may bear possibly,

Resounds the living surface of the ground.

but it seems used in such instances as the *ne plus ultrà* of poetical licence. There are some, I know, who, approve with me, of Cicero's opinion, that the only style to be cultivated, is that which is the most proper to communicate and enforce our sentiments; consequently who will see no originality in a departure, upon *general* principles, from the versification and phraseology of Pope and Dryden.

Among the *Odes* there is one which formed a chorus in the first edition of the Battle of Eddington. I thought it did not sufficiently adhere to the rule of Horace, forbidding

> Quod non proposito conducat, et hæreat aptè.
>
> —— Odes between the acts that seem
> *Unapt*, or foreign to the general theme.
>
> COLMAN.

I likewise thought the correspondence of the rhymes might not be sufficiently perceptible,

Yet I recollect a wish I at the same time made, that the rage for novelty would spend itself upon rhymes, instead of altering the simplicity of language. Except the ode now republished, every thing that I could at all wish recommended to attention in the first, will be found in the second edition of the Battle of Eddington.

The *Sonnet*, though of modern invention, has engaged the attention of Boileau, and other critics. It has been, and is still in different countries, often employed to celebrate trifling occurrences, which form proper subjects for occasional verses, but do not admit of much of the spirit of poetry; but I must confess I am most struck with the opinions of those who consider it as a species of elegy. It seems to me, full as much as elegy, equal to a display of the pomp of numbers: and I have often admired the

graceful dignity of its march, with its attendant rhymes. It seems to have been well employed, as it has lately been, in describing particular places; especially when some interesting event of past times has occurred in a beautiful spot: for this is a proper subject for elegy. The sonnet too, by its *brevity*, is fitted for the traveller, who is always on the point of visiting some new place, and receiving new impressions that might efface the former ones. It is calculated to express a single and general elegiac sentiment, before other thoughts connected with it have been suggested by the subject; and as there is, of course, the greater unity where a composition does not consist of transitions, but forms of itself *one sentiment*, the close relation of its parts by means of rhyme corresponds with this unity, and distinguishes this sort of poem. Boileau thinks repeated rhyme so

necessary to the sonnet, that he makes that its definition, though he gives no reason for its necessity.

I have said elsewhere, that it may be a question, whether the sonnet might not exceed the bounds of elegy, and extend to every thing poetical that may be conceived *in a single thought;* forming thus a contrast in character with epigram, which might then confine itself to point and wit. Suitably to this idea, we have some sonnets which resemble the Greek epigram. The reader and writer will better understand each other, when the proper separation and distribution of styles shall, by any means, have been completed. But though it is allowable to speculate moderately, alteration, perhaps, ought here to be avoided.

It has been observed, that those moral writers are highly serviceable, who, by means of short and striking precepts, keep up that

lively sense of duty to which the mind is too little prone. The *Epigram*, though of little dignity as a composition or a work of fancy, is particularly calculated to be a vehicle of these; and, however liable to abuse, may be much relied on by the moralist. It resembles farce, of which it has been said, "that its professed end, if we allow it to have "any reasonable one, is to INSTRUCT." Those, therefore, who declaim enthusiastically against point and inferior wit, made use of as they are by the ancients in compositions which are their proper vehicles, as if they were out of place, have not, probably, such poetical powers as their high tone and convenient argument, would insinuate. Aristotle speaks of a perception of the relations of things as a proof of genius; but the notion which those persons entertain, would induce us to think it was rather a proof of dullness.

The work to be noticed after the Epigrams, is that which, if it has suggested new critical rules, may be said to *have extended Alfred's influence, as a legislator, even to the drama.* I have, in another part of these volumes, unfolded its nature and object; and shall here therefore content myself with observing that I had formed a dramatic scheme, with much thought, and with very peculiar views. Such unavoidable impediments to its execution as many authors experience, induced me at length to lay it wholly aside; and perceiving, (now that enthusiasm has abated, and circumstances altered,) the degree of trouble that must attend its execution, I am very far from being likely to resume it. But though I never shall be willing, that what I may write should be exhibited on any English theatre, my opinions of the drama will be less clear than I should wish, unless I compose

one or two pieces, to be judged of in the closet, which may remove the objections that arose from my meaning being misapprehended, by giving examples of a character of writing that I contented myself with describing. This therefore, resorting, not to subjects which I once fixed upon, but to some that furnish still more useful morals, I intend to do at my leisure; although I finally relinquished the drama as a principal pursuit, when I first proposed to myself an advantage from changing the line of my writing.

I had proceeded thus far in my Preface, when I found myself suddenly provided with several criticisms on my last publication, which though not in a strain to lay me under weighty obligations, gave me considerable pleasure, by shewing that *some* of that attention was at length afforded to the topics I had treated of, which I had for years been

seeking to procure. I am far, indeed, from wishing to obtain that general interest and attention which may be supposed; but I have been unwilling through a dread of controversy, to miss the very rare opportunity of shewing how little the reputed advantages of some situations are capable of securing to authors notice and popularity, especially in the present age. It would not, I think, be judged too partial a critique, if it had been said of the first of the works to which I put my name, "We do not admire the composition; yet, as it is undertaken with much thought, and professes to exhibit something new, the principles of which are a good deal enlarged upon, it is but fair to suppose that the author has not devoted so much of his time with the mere views of a playwright, and to suspend our judgment, until it shall

" be discovered, whether there is any of the
" utility and elevation of philosophy in his
" pursuit. We recommend his arguments
" to the consideration of the ingenious; for
" it is no mark of presumption, that his name
" has not appeared to any dramatic or other
" work, until he strove to exemplify by it
" some new and incontrovertible truth." It could not, I say, have been too much to expect from friendly criticism the *requiem spatium-que*—the preclusion of all possible hints on the misapplication of time and talents, which such language must have ensured; since it would not have required even the pains necessary for comprehending the work; which no other author perhaps would so readily have dispensed with. It was observed of the work, that " the subject, we are told, is
" mentioned by Milton, *but*, &c." In spite, however, of the objection, the subject was so

far successfully adopted, as to shew, for the first time, thoroughly combined in a drama, *action and unity*, principles which have often employed the pens of critics in discussing them; and which ought not to lose their credit, at the very moment when it might serve to encourage literary enterprize. Of my last work, the same critics say, "the author's "view is to explain Mr. Burke's principles "of the sublime and beautiful; *but*, &c." Here the objection seems founded on the supposed confusion of intellect with which I have executed my undertaking. It is said, "we cannot praise the author's ideas for "their clearness." This, however is, I apprehend, as I cannot praise the ideas of Ferdusi for their clearness; because I am not prepared, by an acquaintance with the Persian language, to determine whether that writer conducts his poetical narrative in such

a manner as to leave no doubt of his understanding what he says. Thus this critic is not qualified by a knowledge of the principles I aimed at explaining, to pronounce, whether my remarks on them have sense and meaning.

Other remarks on taste, which may justify this surmise, will form no objectionable prefatory matter for a publication like the present, and I shall consequently proceed to them. In the mean time, making a proper return to the critic for allowing me to possess all the intelligence consisting with a *want of clearness of ideas,* let me observe, that, if I thus detect in him one instance of human imperfection, I shall as willingly, in my turn, concede to him an intelligence consisting with a *want of readiness of apprehension.*

I am naturally the less disinclined to have the observations I shall now throw together

An awful stillness would do this; which, it may be truly affirmed, affects by terror. It is certain that Burke, as well as Lucretius, may be supposed to lament the want of means to express his notions,

Propter egestatem linguæ, et rerum novitatem;

and he could not afford time sufficient to place them in every imaginable light; nevertheless he has explained that which we are considering as well as could have been conceived possible, by employing for that purpose, only a few lines in one part, and a few allusions elsewhere. I have, therefore, sometimes wondered, that, I should have been the first who have adverted to the comprehensive meaning annexed by him to the expression *terror;* although its peculiarity might naturally have prompted his readers to examine it. Difficulty proved by experience is apt to quicken the invention; and I may perhaps succeed in

making him more generally understood. He himself tells us, that "*that which we would avoid*," (meaning, however, when properly modified) possesses the sort of terror which he considers to be the source of the sublime. Now it is, by *its opposition to our will*, by its violence upon our feelings, that it works this effect; which opposition and violence being the same, whether objects of extraordinary magnitude present themselves to us, or whether we are roused by a vivid idea of danger into which we may fall, entitle what affects us at all such times to rank under the same head. Beauty, on the contrary, has a *character of invitation*: she will not impede, or even approach us suddenly, but seems first to look in our eyes for permission. It is true, she borrows, as it were, and operates on us secretly and in her own manner, with the principles of the sublime;

as we see by *infinity* in pleasing objects, and by the strong colours in variegated flowers, or in a beautiful face. And (if we can abstract from the other ingredients in her compositions,) as far as we are affected, it will be by the perceptible character of the sublime, in the sense of Burke. So that whenever the prevailing idea in our mind indicates the smallest progress to superior importance, it rather belongs to this character. It is this prevailing idea, "the idea that is uppermost," to use Burke's expression, which forms the test of character of a thought or object; which I will here shew in an example he gives of the cessation of pain not being pleasure. In speaking of the man described in the quotation from Homer in p. 1, sect. 3, who has both his own mind fixed, and fixes those of his spectators, on the *idea of danger*, he always supposes the particular moment

when the terrifying circumstances connected with any happy state of things are engaging the attention; when we think only of the future pleasure it promises, and not of the past pains by which they are contrasted, we are no longer affected with *delight*. In a review of the *Sublime and Beautiful* by the writer who, like Garrick, has seemed to stand between Tragedy and Comedy, and from congeniality of situation, to derive the best claim to be his biographer, I perceive a remark which, although I admire the knowledge of philosophy, and in particular the full and fair manner of going into a subject it exemplifies, I must yet object to on these principles. I do not hold the fact, that the cessation of pain "induces a pleasing train of ideas in the mind," to be a proof, that it ought to have been said to produce pleasure; for by Burke he supposed us to consider the *instantaneous*

effect upon the mind,—of that which induces, not that which is induced. Certainly that effect may be made up of a number of subordinate ones of various characters, which the passion will assemble,

Nunc dextrâ ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistrâ :

Yet still the leading one, the prevailing idea, is discernible. Therefore, in Hume's account of the effects of tragedy, which I have considered in p. 211, of the second volume, however his meaning may be explained away, (as it is possible to be,) it was surely improper, to omit fully and directly to express, that they are to be referred to *pain;* and it was still more so to insinuate, that they are the consequence of overpowering and destroying it.

Hartley's description of the sublime may likewise be here noticed. He represents it

as placing us within the view of pain; but at the same time enlivening, and leading our attention to our pleasures, instead of fixing it on an opposite idea. Accordingly, he speaks of sublime objects as gratifying only by a suggestion of the security from pain I think his opinion remarkable, that laughter is produced by fear.* Ridicule thus would appear a sort of deteriorated sublimity. Its forcible action upon the mind *elevates*, and puts us in *high* spirits, like whatever is sublime. It may produce fear in mingling qualities, in the same manner that Burke represents *elegance* as producing love. Upon the whole, if it is not evident from these

*"It may be observed that young children do not laugh aloud for some months. The first occasion for doing this seems to be a surprise, which brings on a momentary fear first, and then a momentary joy, in consequence of the removal of that fear; agreeably to what may be observed of the pleasures that follow the removal of pain."
Hartley on Man, Vol. II. p. 437.

observations, (which I cannot but think it is,) that the opinion of that great man is true, I cannot even imagine the doubt, of their having demonstrated that his ideas are clear.

The few books that have been published lately on the agreeable subject of gardening, naturally forced themselves upon my notice, during the composition of a general work on opinion; especially as they do not confine their allusions to taste, but extend them to the part of metaphysics connected with it. The useful and amusing Essay on the Picturesque, appeared to me to vary from Burke's system in the peculiar mode I there pointed out; and further consideration has confirmed me in my way of thinking. All the marks there indicated of the picturesque, are either expressed or insinuated by him to denote the sublime. We may recollect that it is a great

philosophical distinction, which he makes, and not one analogous to colloquial language; and that, as if foreseeing objections, he says, of the opposite qualities, "I am in little "pain whether any body chooses to follow "the name I give them or not, provided he "allows, that what I dispose under different "heads are, in reality, different things in "nature." We may recollect that *speciousness*, according to Burke, is formed by a mixture of qualities that are sublime and beautiful. In *this* manner, the picturesque may be allowed to be a new species. A tree of small dimensions, of which the branches take such directions, and are so mutually contrasted, as to give it a degree of wildness, and a hag, who is neither a giantess, nor surrounded by the terrors of enchantment, produce an imperfect beauty, and an imperfect sublimity. Here I will also mention, in regard to

another observation in the Essay, that the g... effect of rectangular branches (for all branc... are angular, forming angles with the tree, ... with one another) does not prove that an... considered abstractedly, are not ugly; wh... they are for reasons that I in fact, can more con-veniently shew at some future opportunity.

Lastly I will warn the reader of the dif-ference between simple *curiosity*, and the *strong desire* excited by *infinity*, and which is so eloquently and satisfactorily described by Burke. In this, it is the sublime that operates. Addison's division of the objects of taste into things that are great and beau-tiful, and *new*, is very proper, and precisely the same as Burke's. He exemplifies the three characters by the styles of Homer, Virgil, and Ovid, of which though the lat-ter is by much the happiest example, yet even that does not gratify us with novelty,

simply as such, but as being heightened by a poetical variety of ideas. When Addison uses the epithet *strange* instead of *new*, we perceive an effect superadded to what the other suggests; and when Akenside expresses the same division of qualities as Addison, by terming them

——the sublime,
The wonderful, the fair,

we imagine a still stronger one in the second of these. In such cases, however, novelty predominates; but it is obvious, that where Akenside illustrates it at length in the sequel of the poem, he calls up images intimately connected with our fears, and of course, properly ranked with the effects they originate of the sublime. So natural is it, from the close connection of two principles, to mistake the operation of the one for that of the other.

There is great general justness of thinking in a reverend author's three Essays on Picturesque Beauty, but I shall take notice of a slight error or two that he has fallen into in explaining Burke's opinions; it is however but natural that, reading him as a designer, he should have failed in throwing light on them, when those have not undertaken to do so who have read him as metaphysicians. Burke's real idea of the connection between beauty and diminutives may be thus described: he states *smallness* to be *one* of the qualities of beauty; though, as may be seen by turning to his book, only one; and having defined beauty to be whatever produces love, he considers it as a proof of the beauty of smallness, that in all languages diminutives have been applied to the objects of love. He would not give the Apollo de Belvidere as an example of *the beautiful;* for though there is

in it a most singular assemblage of beautiful parts, so there is also, (inclusive of physiognomy, gesture, or whatever constitutes character,) of sublime ones. It is the Antinous and the Venus de Medicis that he gives as examples of grace or beauty; but the Apollo, on various accounts, differs from them. It is observable, how closely the two qualities are allied, not by their natures, but by the nature of things. Beauty by exciting, as it always does, an idea of preference and superiority, assumes a character naturally discordant from its own; it therefore may stand in need, as it were, of all its native affability and kindness to, secure and prolong that feeling of indulgence and affection which it at first inspired. And yet, when

Awful Beauty puts on all its arms,

it need not be always repulsive, should the idea of some fine woman's superiority excite

a painful sensation in the breast of one of her own sex, yet the absence of emulation, and the presence of desire, in one of the opposite sex, are two modifications which at least permit the delight of him who is denominated alternately her *lover*, and her *admirer*. The particular case must always determine, whether, of two wholes, that which is composed of similar, or that which is composed of dissimilar, but properly blended, parts, is, as an object of taste, the most acceptable to the human mind.

Mr. Gilpin has certainly reasoned justly, in thus agreeing with Burke, without being conscious of it. Besides, the limits he would set to the interference of philosophy in matters of taste, is entitled to our commendation; though I fancy that the *Sublime and Beautiful* keeps quite clear of the objections which suggest themselves to

him; as the cause of our sensations is there traced to the constitution of our nature, and the feelings of every man appealed to in proof of what is maintained. As therefore I conceive that this work, even when competently understood, would form the best manual for artists of every denomination, at least of philosophical treatises on *taste;* besides that it seems to afford the best prospect of ascertaining its complete nature, by reducing it to simple ideas; I shall proceed to a summary description of the system it lays down.

When *curiosity* alone operates, we may be led to the pleasurable perception of many objects with their relations; and we form a notion, at the same time, through the reasoning faculty, of their congruity, or agreement to some standard; which is what constitutes *fitness*. But there are objects

characterized, in different degrees, by qualities kindred to whatever excites our hopes and fears; when, therefore, the ideas that are recommended by novelty to curiosity are over and above tinged, as it were, with any of these, that livelier effect is experienced which it is the chief endeavour of the fine arts to produce. It has been supposed, that fitness has a positive and immediate influence in effecting this; but the contrary opinion, maintained by Burke, may, besides his forcible reasoning, appear from the following account of its ordinary operation. When we enter a well-proportioned room, we are frequently not only affected by ideas of grandeur and elegance, but we also contemplate with pleasure the concordance of parts which are so skilfully united, and we are from thence led to imagine, that *propriety* is the principle that so agreeably engages our attention. But,

that there is some other principle which then operates, and that the notion is just, that fitness is not beauty, but that it is something without which beauty often cannot exist, must appear on consideration.

Burke observes the addition of interest derived from handsome furniture. It is certain too, that rooms of a different size, but of the same proportions, do not always please equally. But let us suppose the most pleasing one. Here, that we may mistake the effect for the cause, must be apparent, to whoever considers, that while we are contemplating skill and propriety, we contemplate likewise their consequences in objects productive of *indulgence;* which have parts not " pressing upon each other," nor displaying that " confusion" which might disturb and perplex our thoughts. How often does either *comparative* height, space,

delicacy, or variety affect us, in such parts as we most approve?

Fitness may not unaptly be compared to a pane of fine plate-glass, through which we sometimes see a beautiful prospect. It is not itself the object at which we look, but merely the medium through which we discover it. Where the plate-glass is opposite to an inner court, we no longer perceive any thing that charms us. It follows from these considerations, that the artist ought neither to rely wholly on any mode of fitness for producing the wonders of his art, nor fail in thoroughly making himself master of the knowledge of each; since without it those wonders cannot be wrought. If he errs in the former manner, his faults may resemble those of the French dramatists; if in the latter, those of the German. For, the *bienséances* of the one deduct from passion, through a superstitious

respect for *propriety*, just as the violent unmodified emotions, and sentimental allusions, of the others, deduct from nature by neglect of it. He therefore should avoid the two extremes, of despising criticism, together with the accuracy that it enjoins, and of submitting to its rigour, in resigning the claim of a scope for imagination. When his observation has provided him with a sufficient knowledge of what is fit in art and in nature, he may, more safely than some have thought, attempt to add force to his pieces and to heighten their character, by trying the use that can be made of the principles traced out in the *Sublime and Beautiful*. *Smoothness* then, one of those principles, will not, in his hands, be made injurious to the garden-scenes of this country, nor will that, or any other, whichever of the fine arts he cultivates, exemplify any departure from truth of com-

position. In short, he should aim at fit-ness, as Ulysses aimed at the rings through which he shot his arrows, and be cautious that the force and rapidity of his thoughts receive no check from bordering on it too closely

As we have seen, in some styles, that the imagination may be strongly affected when the most prominent idea is *novelty*, so it may, when it is *propriety of design*; which is evident in the judicious poetry of Virgil.* Nor is it less so in the room that we have been supposing; though it is not the quality itself that has an effect upon the passions;

* It is still more marked by *judgment*, than by *beauty*. Undoubtedly the "molle atque facetum" may have well described Virgil's style of Epic poetry; but Epic poetry hardly allowed of enough *elegiac tenderness* to render him as good an example of the *beautiful*, as Ovid was of the *new*. Homer, whose style is considered by Dionysius to be of the *middle* sort, is not either the most satisfactory example of the *great*.

which should only seem, as it were, to clear the intervening medium, and thus facilitate the impression made upon the mind, by the rigour of right lines and angles, the gentler action of curves, or the characteristic operation of other forms and their relations. If the artist, in correcting his composition, will reflect, he may often find that he is proceeding on some one of Burke's principles. I shall not extend much farther my explanation of them: some rules which may be serviceable are the following:

1. Though fitness does not directly produce an interest, yet *that which is fit* may be composed of many parts, which, by presenting a succession of ideas, may gratify curiosity, if it has no stronger effect.

2. Fitness is requisite in exciting an idea of the nature of an object, in order to excite that of the remoter relations which it is

intended to impress; for unless truth and character distinguish it, the man of taste can experience no unalloyed or material satisfaction. Thus avenues, on the ramparts of foreign towns, in roads between buildings, or shading some particular walks, may affect us by the grandeur and agreeableness of objects enforced by an artificial infinity in the disposition of them. But place one in the centre of a park, where variety seems called for by the character of the surrounding scenery, and we shall be chiefly sensible, in its powerful *formality*, to whatever check the sort of poetical enthusiasm receives from it which is then usually sought in the beauties of nature. If in such a place its regularity consists with fitness, it must be by a strong sentiment co-operating with it; as in the instance Mr. Gilpin gives of the character of *antiquity* being so forcible, as at least to leave it doubtful,

whether a particular park planted throughout with avenues is not in a good taste.

3. As artists, however necessary it is to keep fitness in view, should avoid stiffness in aiming at it, so should they in aiming at all other excellences.* A consequence of the cultivation of criticism is, that there are critical codes as injudiciously insisting on *sentiment*, as on *reason;* and hence not only those artists who revere, but those who despise the idea of fitness, and correctness, often betray the trammels of system; which is further encouraged by the prejudices of the age. The poets of the present day, for example, as they have written latest, naturally shew most traces of the critics in their works. These however, I confess (since any awkward observance of rules may, with the help of a friend, disap-

* Thus a length of line is grand in painting: but it is only so in a good artist's hands.

pear in a second edition, and since they [illegible] displayed no want of fancy and nature.' [illegible] little strike me as being a sufficient cause [illegible] condemning them, that I have been persuaded, as much as any thing by the detection of such blemishes, that there is no danger to poetry from the formalities of criticism.*

4. It may be collected from former observations, that the picturesque, in Mr Gilpin's sense, is a principle belonging to the sublime, which has enough of the quality of *irritation*, to seize the attention strongly in whatever is endued with it. Perhaps more of this is requisite to please in a painting, than in a scene of nature.

5. If in this instance, this difference sub-

* Some poets might well have conceived of themselves the idea of publishing, who have owed it to their friends. We have poets too, in whom an honest spirit of sincere, though liberal loyalty, is a most prominent quality.

sists, it may lead us to infer the variations of fitness which are in all the arts; our reflection upon which should apprize us equally how great and how small the advantages are, that an artist possesses from superiority of knowledge in his own line, in forming an opinion of what has sublimity or beauty. Thompson, the late painter, speaks thus of the sound philosopher of whom I am a follower: "Men of such extraordinary mental "powers are, naturally, and though the ex- "perience of their own abilities, but the more "justly encouraged to rely on their *first* "ideas; for which reason it is, that men of "the first-rate talents are, on that very ac- "count, but so much the more liable to mis- "take." He also supposes the nature of beauty to be best understood by those who have most studied *the antique*, and the arts to which it is serviceable. But he errs in

both suppositions; for first it was Be- profoundness which prevented him, n than any author, from forming hasty no of the subject of his enquiries. It is the losophers of the present age who, not aw of the elusive nature of truth, and ambiti only of the more trite information wh enables men to talk or write fluently science, are so extremely ready to acquies in first thoughts. Secondly, he who studi the antique, or any art which depends upo it, has probably more taste in his own art, and in a few others allied to it, than he wh studies neither of them; but he may, for the very reason, have acquired less taste in another, such as architecture; having a less extensive knowledge of fitness in that art. Some Being of a higher order, may be supposed to have qualified himself to decide on the merit both of poems, pictures, statues, and build-

ings, and with the same certainty that the most ingenious and industrious artist, who has ever existed, could pronounce on that of any of these, as a production of his own art. I do not affirm that this was the case of Burke; neither do I contend that his taste was equal to his other faculties, although I know nothing to the contrary. This, however, may readily be inferred, that it was transcendent; and therefore, comprehension and sensibility furnished him equal means with eminent artists, of feeling the force of the sublime and beautiful in *objects in general;* just as uncommon sagacity, and an education peculiarly fitting him for such a task, pointed him out as more calculated to investigate their nature.

To the very loyal reviewer who sees nothing in my work to save it from the most unqualified condemnation, both in respect to plan and execution, I shall say, that my

style may or may not be as faulty as it is represented; and that having paid my chief attention to my thoughts, I abandon it to the mercy of the critics. But such of them as aspire to acumen, will avoid the imputation of judging compositions by their *manner*, which only claim notice on account of their *matter*. The scholar, or the gentleman who goes to hear a debate in the House of Commons, would rather not be supposed to prefer speakers exactly in proportion to the gracefulness of their delivery and gesture, (which, however it may be a subject of approbation, is descanted upon with more propriety by the actor and dancing master) but would profess to value them for the soundness of argument, or for the constitutional information that they display. It is the same with penetrating and original critics. Any new fact, also, which adds, though but little, to

the stock of human knowledge, ought to ensure similar, if not equal, lenity, with those strokes of genius in writers and in orators, one of which, in Longinus's opinion, compensates for many faults. Another reviewer, of similar sentiments, both upon other subjects, and upon this of my ill-fated work, complains of its prolixity, as well as of its obscurity. I here cannot help asking him how, if I have not explained myself to him when diffuse, I can be expected to do so when concise? I will however venture to say, that this is a case when "tedious discussion may be "an accuracy of reasoning."* But I would

* See D'Israeli on the literary character, p. 89. This agreeable essayist's writings deserve *particular* attention, till some tariff shall be established by the nations, to which every author may appeal on first setting up his literary trade, and neither be discouraged from entering into it, nor disappointed after hazarding his capital in it. But the blow ought to be followed up; nor should the advantages we may derive from useful maxims and

chiefly take notice of the remark that my reasoning is too refined, and that the principles of the *Sublime and Beautiful* have nothing to do with political questions. Now, the very work criticized disproves the singularity of opinion, which it seems to insinuate; for I there quoted the passage from Burke, in which he applied his principles as I did:

reflections be neglected on account of the sentimental sounds we may produce by ringing changes on them. In one instance, perhaps, the liberal author sides less than usual with the candidates for literary fame, against the unenlightened or prejudiced part of the public. Johnson might consistently "feel a fondness" for his work, and yet send it into the world "with frigid indifference, having little "to fear or hope from censure or from praise." Had every thing fallen out to his wish, the fame he afterwards received might have resembled a sword glittering with diamonds, and presented by a vote of his fellow subjects; as it was, it may be compared to a trusty blade, fairly purchased with money that he had saved, and prized as faithfully protecting his liberty and property against the outrages of a malignant mob.

and I in effect went no further. Though Locke considers morality as being capable of demonstration, yet I sought only, like Burke, (but with his Newtonian caution and forbearance, rather than his Newtonian enterprize and ability,) to distinguish from virtue and vice principles which might be confounded with them by the theoretic moralist, as well as give an idea of the separate operation of each principle. For there is hardly any moment that we are not liable to be prejudiced in favour of what is new, what is animated, or what is pleasing, in the more appropriate sense of the word; and frequently we are prejudiced against them through a superstitious fear of their evil influence. So little, therefore, is there any thing forced or refined in the plan of my work, or the arguments it contains, that I consider it as a rough-drawn chart of soundings, made by former observations not

unuseful for navigating the waves of life, but to those who adventurously launch forth in quest of new discoveries, and to those who set their sails with views of ordinary profit or pleasure.

There is another passage of Burke, in which perhaps "more is meant than meets the ear;" I mean his observation that, *the order and method of nature are generally very different from our measures and proportions.* May not the reforming spirit here occur to the philosophical mind? A readiness to undertake perilous changes, not forced upon us by a rare expediency, but recommended by that abstract fitness which we are always proud to have perceived, is the result of the opposite persuasion, that our reason can easily prescribe the bounds of passion, by plausible laws and regulations. This, however, is a fatal error; and therefore, the statesman's

best qualification, and which is also that by which Burke has earned such praise, is the profound *Study of Man, in all his relations.* Any *new* knowledge obtained of *nature,* may be considered as a new rivet, to hold down the human mind to *soundness of opinion;* and that we should conduct ourselves circumspectly, and that wisdom lies much deeper than has often been thought, may be now far from being generally denied; whatever it might have been before the memorable proof given of it, in a revolution which has no example.

If we contemplate the life of this late distinguished character, we may conclude, that he may have been "lent to mortals" for some great purpose. The dangerous clamour for reforms in the state, raised much by the ambitious and interested views of Bolingbroke, has been seconded by supplies of argument

from the well-meaning maxims of the schools, the ill-intentioned jests of libertine literati, the enthusiastically depraved morals of German dramas, and the legal theories of noblemen, gentlemen, and students, influenced by all of them, so as to continue, growing more audible and more alarming, through the whole of the last century. Towards the middle of it a man was born, endowed with an uncommon philosophical genius, exactly qualifying him to detect and expose the fallacies by which his fellow creatures were threatened to be misled, (to use his own expression,) both "*in taste and morals.*" Among his first and last works are found the most powerful supports of the same cause. Akenside published, at the age of twenty-three, a poem remarkable for a knowledge of such philosophy as was to be met with in *books*. Burke, not many years older, published a

treatise, abounding in such philosophy as was to be found only in *nature*. It was about the age in which Tasso finished his *Gierusalemme Liberata;* to which I consider that polished gem, the *Sublime and Beautiful*, as fully equal.* His latter works are in every one's recollection. Nor was his virtue unworthy of his abilities. If he has ever *seemed* to change improperly his general opinions, the solitary instance may serve to teach us, that system should not be admired as principle, and that there is a consistency which is not specious. There is, I think, visible in Burke's whole political conduct, an honest labour of thought, a deep reflection on his public duties, carried much further than his interest made necessary, or perhaps than could have consisted with his ease.

* Hume could not have read it attentively, when he coldly termed it *a pretty book*.

His habits, consequently, must the rather have inclined one of so strong an understanding to be a sort of *optimist* in politics, to dislike changes in states, and above all things to abstain from suggesting to the minds of those whom the laws of their country have precluded, for the wisest reasons, from the exercise of power, that they are thereby aggrieved. If he has ever too much favoured such a notion, it has not been upon the fascinating general principle, which has long awakened conceit and enthusiasm. Yet, it was not as an enemy to national improvement, and to national liberty, that he thought well of moderate restraint; but because his sagacity and comprehension shewed him, in such restraint, the ultimate increase of liberty and happiness which justified it.

It is, in truth, unfortunate, that we so easily discern the abstract fitness of which insti-

tutions, considered in themselves, appear to be capable; since we are led by this contemplation to do injustice to the multifarious compound of practical government. It is thus that ill-informed or common minds, when prejudices against change are weakened, shew violent impatience for it; this, however, is the very reason that should not recommend it, and a true patriot would despise the popularity that a concurrence in it then offered; and even the loss of reputation that a resistance to it might threaten. For like those who have of late prevented the downfal of establishments, he must prepare himself to bear with a Christian's spirit, the accusation of want of feeling for his fellow creatures, because his endeavours to serve them are not plausible; though they are, on that account, more deserving of their gratitude.

It was from a conviction of the truth of

this reasoning, and through an anxiety for the preservation of establishments, that I have always wished that the love of improvement could find another object, capable of engrossing it, in true philosophy; so that reform might be provided with a scope for its exertions compatible with the laws of countries. What an immense field would here be open to genius, as well as to virtue! Possibly, I may be accused, by some persons, of enthusiasm, for conceiving the idea; but to those who are more attentive to sounds than to things, words sometimes convey a meaning opposite to what they are intended to express. Thus Montesquieu, who makes *virtue* the basis of a republic, because without it none can be stable, may by careless readers be supposed an unsound theorist, who believes in the natural firmness of human virtue. It may happen, that I may seem too tolerant, but cer-

tainly I think (and my allusions to theological topics have always aimed to prove it) that there are those, whatever their opinions, who, as it has been expressed by a strong figure, "are Christians without knowing it." I think too, that persons of distinguished loyalty among such as dissent from the tenets of our church, have peculiar claims to our gratitude and approbation.

These views however seem to me to accord with Burke's rational philosophy, which I should naturally wish to be made the test, of their value. Nor shall I, unless I am much mistaken, be disappointed. As true philosophy is not of the same incomprehensible nature with some modern systems, I look forward to its becoming of perceptible utility, in many respects, to persons of every degree of understanding and knowledge, as the proof of its future popularity; but while I think it is to be

sidering it, something ought to be said on the method fallen upon by the late lamented Mr. Way, of adapting the poetry of our old writers to the taste of modern readers. Great credit is due for every attempt to add charac-

written sentiments. It may be imagined I am not the less inclined by it to allow, in the Poet's words,

" That Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers ;"

but I have much better reasons to suppose so; having, from what I have heard, as well as seen, a perfect conviction of their sterling excellence. There is not among them either the dissentious or prejudiced spirit of some sectaries elsewhere; which is the natural result of the superior understanding, at present to be found among them; and which ensures that prudence and solidity of judgment, which marks them out as the proper persons to bear sway in their country. Though no longer in a situation to cherish loyalty to our present sovereign, they retain an affection for him, which is natural in the virtuous towards characters resembling themselves, and which must be the more favourable to the establishment of a lasting connection between England and America for the mutual interest and honour of the two countries.

ter to composition: and Mr. Way's execution of his plan does not fall short of it; yet I think this style may be in request without superseding that of Pope. For as I have endeavoured to shew elsewhere, a species of writing should be considered genuine, in proportion as it is necessary to satisfy a want of the mind. Now, if we consider an old poet, either as modernized or translated, what is undertaken is not performed unless we are enabled to read him throughout in the language of the day. We may therefore desire to see the thoughts of our old poets heightened partially by the language of their time; but we may likewise desire to see them heightening that of our own.

The two next poems are of that sort, the invention of which has been traced to Oldham and Rochester. The name of *Imitation* may have discredited it in the opinion

of many, being by Horace, in one instance connected with the idea of servility: but if we estimate the task that it imposes on the poet, who meets all its difficulties, by multiplying those parallelisms which form its essence to the degree which its nature requires, and to a greater than they have yet been multiplied; and by letting no proper name, nor interesting passage in the author imitated, be passed over, without providing others of equal consequence to match with them, we may be induced to allow, that it would require in him some compass of thought, at once to do this, and to do it to the satisfaction of his readers. Its resources and claims to respect will be more evident, when we consider how peculiar and distinct it is from every other literary labour, and what an inexhaustible source of variety the lapse of time provides, by the private and public

events of all sorts which are continually occuring. The same satire that is imitated in one century, in ever so good a manner, may in the next be furnished with new characters and events, so as to form as good, or, possibly, better parallelisms.

That the number, therefore, of parallelisms may be found, I have used numerical references, instead of letters, and should always in future recommend this mode. Every figure is then a claim for a new acknowledgment of characteristic value in what is produced. For when there are so few parallelisms, that the author's principal employment is translation, he ought to be considered only as a translator; and when most of the allusions are not parallelisms, he ought to be considered as a plagiary, borrowing the general design of his work, and imposing on another the trouble of laying a train for

his fancy. On the other hand, a seeming deviation from the exact parallel, by sometimes tracing fanciful instead of real resemblances, may be artificial enough to please and indeed often be of such advantage, as to increase greatly the interest of the work. This opens a new field to the poet. In the translated parts too, he does not seem obliged to observe the same verbal exactness as a translator.

There is even some advantage in the imitation of a moral or critical poem over an original work of the same sort. The reader is enabled by it, to perceive how far any rule of right conduct or good composition is universal, and fitted for ages and countries widely removed from one another; while to the lover of the ancients, it may consecrate, as classical, the manners or literature of modern ones. It is, besides, of the nature, and

has in a great measure the force of quotation; its positions constantly resting upon some respectable authority, and deriving from it additional use and consequence.

The *Art of English Poetry* professes to be a didactic, as well as imitative, poem. It has been held by some, as it would appear, that excessive perspicuity in illustrating is the first quality of such a work; and that both the moderns and ancients have erred, when it has not explained to those who cultivate some common arts that their verses celebrated, the particulars of the daily employment which it furnished them. Though I do not allow obscurity to be a beauty, even in an ode, yet I have not the same idea which they have of this *oracular* style of writing. Without wishing for any diminution of its perspicuity, I cannot help thinking that *certainty* is its greatest merit; since there ought to be little

doubt of the propriety of rules which it lays down so formally, and with so much pomp and circumstance. In short, the business of the didactic poet is, TO WRITE, AS IT WERE, IN LETTERS OF GOLD THE MOST UNIVERSAL AND PRECIOUS RULES OF ANY ART OR SCIENCE. By these means they are recommended to admiration, and imprinted in the memory. Another requisite, which need hardly be mentioned, as it is common to every sort of poetry, is, that the subject should be sufficiently poetical. When a subject is such as necessarily to carry the writer sometimes among disagreeable images, it is not to be commended or justified, unless it is able to detain him during a longer time among those which are proportionably interesting and amusing.

How far I have successfully laboured to exemplify the plan of didactic writing that

I have described, the public is to determine. Both a close attention to my work, and an improvement of the subject since the imitation of Oldham, has enabled me to match every ancient with a modern allusion. At that time even Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Jonson, were not all of them "classics "good in law." Milton was cotemporary with Oldham, and the greater part of those writers who have done honour to English literature, have flourished since his death. Hardly any name of literary consequence has been omitted, for the original poem allowed me to be more select in the introduction of names, than Pope was in his imitation of the epistle to Augustus. I have attempted by my notes, to strengthen the comprehensive character of it, expressed by its title; and to make it, as far as possible, in the strictest sense, an Art of English Poetry.

Boileau's work is more methodical, and more equally and regularly attentive to every species of composition than Horace's; a complete art of poetry being avowedly his intention. Yet there is less of certainty in several of his rules; and this will strike us the more if we consider a passage imitated from him by Sir William Soame, in Dryden's works, which, in treating of epic poetry, contains an argument *against* poetical probability, resting on the supposed failure of Milton in his attempt at excellence in Paradise Lost.

In tragedy, likewise, Horace has much better provided against the possible eligibility of domestic stories. Thus, he has written on the two noblest sorts of poetry more unexceptionably for all ages and nations; and full as much so, though an ancient, on some others; so that I believe I have completed my work without being driven to any

strained parallelism. It has been the subject of observation, that all persons agree in general rules; but that the moment the proper application of those rules begins to be explained, people find themselves differing from each other as much as they were before unanimous. I have long thought that I saw an instance of this in the *Art Poetique*, the first canto of which confines itself to general rules, and therefore nobody has any thing to object to it. But in the subsequent cantos, those doubtful precepts appear of which I have been speaking, and the propriety of which, as well as of all similar ones, would easily be brought to the test by a trial of their fitness for imitation. When a didactic poet descends into particulars, he ought to be very careful that education, party, fashion, or something else, does not mislead his judgment. Boileau, however, has treated some

parts of his subject in so much fuller, more elaborate, and more satisfactory a manner than Horace, as to become a sort of rival of him.

In respect to the *Translations from Petrarch*, I think it necessary to mention, that having been obliged by the peculiar circumstance of my affairs to reside some years in a country at a great distance from my own, and having settled myself in a romantic retirement not far from a considerable city, I found, in my situation, so whimsical a resemblance to that of the poet, that this, together with his fondness for descriptions of rural solitude, first induced me to think of translating some of his poems. But after I returned home, it occurred to me, in reading the *Memoires de Petrarque*, not only that a difficulty which I had supposed in literature, that of giving the English reader a general idea of the poet in a translation, might be

surmounted, but that I might, without much additional labour, in some way effect that desirable purpose. To translate all of Petrarch must be allowed, by those who have read him, to be a task almost Herculean. This, therefore, was not to be thought of; but the formation of an interesting whole, with poetry properly selected from his works, was only attended by the difficulty which it seemed a more practicable undertaking to attempt to conquer. In pursuing my design, I thought I saw, that I should not only make Petrarch more generally known, but should also necessarily trace out a general scheme of selection, which those who collect poems for publication might consider, and judge whether it was not an eligible mode of ridding both a reader and a writer of poetry which may have already lived long enough, and which would in future tend only to dis-

appoint the one, and to mislead the c... The plan, formed on a like principle with ... of the *Memoires*, was this; namely, since ... composition becomes a just object of a...tion, though in an inferior degree, from ... subject, as well as from its own excell... and since it is usual to preserve other poe... besides those of the greatest merit; to ad... just those inferior ones, which, by commu-nicating such information concerning their authors as served to form a sort of history of their lives, tunefully written by themselves, compensated in a manner for their own de-ficiencies. By proceeding upon this plan, poets who have deserved no notice for their merits, may yet deserve it, for the novelty or variety of the situations in which they have been placed.

In giving an example of it, I was neces-sarily to be regulated by certain ideas, that I

had formed of the nature of translation. I observed that the precept most frequently inculcated and dwelt upon was, that the translator ought to express his author's thoughts, in the same manner that he would have done if he had written in the same language. But as this manner cannot be very readily known, the precept, though intended to guard against that want of freedom which very close translations frequently exhibit, may give too great a latitude to writers, who, from not having the fondness of enthusiasts for the idea of *art*, or from any other cause, are too much averse from finish and exactness. Where translation is faulty from being literal, it is not because it resembles the original too much, but (quite the contrary) because, by a laboured resemblance of the words and sentences, the whole, including the spirit and manner, is even rendered more unlike. The

perfection of a translation would be, that the words, spirit, and manner, should be exactly the same in it as in the original, and that there should be neither more nor less eloquence and harmony in the one than in the other. It is true, the translator ought generally to write in his best manner, as modesty supposing, that he cannot easily outdo authors of established reputation. Yet he should aim, to the utmost of his power, to represent faithfully the merits and demerits of the original. But it may happen that, with a little variation of the phrase, a resemblance may be obtained in the frame and structure of the thought, and in the effect produced upon it by metre: this, however, ought to be attempted with caution, nor ought the author's sense to be either more expanded, or more compressed, in the translation. It was with that view to this propor-

tion that I chose stanzas exactly, as I thought, of a proper length to translate a Latin ode; by which an English stanza might be allotted to a Latin one throughout the whole poem. But in modern languages, in which metre depends upon rhyme, a rule seems to me to grow out of the nature of translation, possessing strong claims to regard. If, by observing both the same order of rhymes, and length of lines, we can instantaneously convey to the reader, a strong idea of the appearance which the original makes to the eye, why should we wantonly choose different ones in preference, and thus withhold from him a piece of history, of however small consequence? This rule I have observed in translating Petrarch, in spite of his making almost as many lines rhyme together in the ode, the laws of which do not enjoin that difficulty to the poet, as it was necessary to do in the sonnet.

There are, however, exceptions to ... rule; for, were the French tragedians to ... translated, ought they to be translated ... rhyme? certainly not An English tra... in rhyme, is a defective composition, a... therefore would not correspond to a Fre... one in rhyme, which suits the genius of ... language in which it is written.

There is again *more* doubt whether or ... the rule should be adhered to, in determin... the verse proper for translating an Ital... epic poem: for, in the first place, the *ottava-rima* is not so disgusting in the epic, as rhyme is upon our stage; and in the second place, we are not ourselves determined, in spite of Milton's poem, whether rhyme or blank verse is most proper for epic poetry: so that we are prepared, perhaps, to allow one advantage in the verse of Fairfax; namely, that it is an *index* of Italian manners.

The translation of the twelfth Pythian Ode of Pindar, (which its shortness, unity, and poetical spirit recommended,) was owing to an opinion I had formed, that, consistently with the spirit of the rule I have mentioned above, the strophe, antistrophe, and epode, might, with remarkable propriety, be used in translating from a Greek lyric poet; but were less proper for original poems in English. They may shew the style of writing which prevailed formerly in Greece, just as the order of rhymes may shew that which now prevails in foreign countries; but when we recollect, what strong motives custom then furnished for choosing stanzas so mutually connected, our spontaneous use of them has in it something of the less dignified character of imitation. The stanzas ought certainly to correspond, but it is not necessary for this, that they should be of more than one species

in an ode: and this accords, in some measure with Gray's ideas, who thought those in ternaries in general at too great a distance from their corresponding ones.* Stanzas with a less perceptible correspondence of the *verses*, seem to distinguish well the greater from the smaller ode.

When I thus venture to point out the rules of translation, it will hardly be supposed that I make the value of every translation to depend wholly upon its observance of them; since I have asserted, that "a final appeal always "lies from the tribunal of Art to the judges "of Genius." But the aptest proof on the present occasion, of this deserved privilege, is the *Homer* of Pope. This, as a translation, must be utterly condemned, but considered in respect to its total value, it excels every other translation in existence.

* Mem. Letter XX. Sect. 4.

I shall subjoin some few remarks to this account of the contents of these volumes; and first, in observing that they contain perhaps the most general collection of criticisms on the belles-lettres, at least in so small a compass, I shall assign the reason for such comprehensiveness in my plan. It was not that I arrogated to myself the right to dictate in these matters, which the authors of criticisms are often accused of fancying that they enjoy; but, being in a situation not to be dazzled with specious literary novelties of opinion, the majority of which seemed to me connected with political ones, I conceived it possible that I might make a more faithful report of their nature, than those who had had fewer warnings to question their claim to praise. I trust, on the other hand, that no prejudice I may myself be liable to, nor any failure of duty, has deterred me from giving

it a fair examination. I have too, not only with care, but with labour, avoided *any thing like* paradox, or a bold rejection of received opinions, in spite of the superior interest which I knew, and may have since experienced, that it might have given to my writings. Nor can I accuse myself, of considering it to be of the smallest private advantage that other persons should think like me: I most sincerely wish, on the contrary, they may not, if my opinions are erroneous, and not calculated, as it was hoped they were, to encourage among English readers a sound and rational way of thinking on matters of taste.

Secondly, I must say a word upon the subject of praise and dedications, which the same theoretic spirit that reprobates satire is ever forward to condemn. I can well conceive how nauseous praise may be even to the

object of it, when he who gives it, instead of affording assistance to zeal and enterprize, only recites those deserts, the enumeration of which, if unrewarded, *should* give pain; and is observed *seriously* to deal forth *ridiculous* compliments, and to

"Wonder with a foolish face of praise."

If likewise it is not called forth by adequate merit, nothing can excuse it, even where it is given with a view to benefit a large family in distressed circumstances; for the public ought to supply their wants by more useful and direct means; and to consult their honour no less than their interest. But, when we make such a sacrifice as to commit ourselves by *written* sentiments; and, while we contribute, by the mention of an author who had never published some months before, to call attention to the subject of his

works, whatever may be the prejudice against him; or else, (which was my case) while we endeavour to point out those characters whom we at the time think most deserving of imitation, or at least not likely to disgrace encouragement; this part is so little that of adulation, that good reasons should be given for any reproof which it is made to receive. A maxim, which teaches invariable niggardliness of praise, provides an admirable cloak for envy; but we are taught, that "charity envieth not." In respect to a late distinguished female critic, I betray no insincerity by holding the same language now, that I did before her death. I was then justified in my praise of her, by the example of the eminently upright Lord Littelton; and I should have been equally so in that of a poetess now living, the learned and excellent Mrs. Carter, to whose poems

are prefixed the honourable introductory verses, written by that nobleman, in which the names of these ornaments of literature and of their sex are coupled together. Of the propriety of my dedications, let those speak, whom pre-eminent genius, learning, taste, or the union of any of those talents, or at least acknowledged judgment, has qualified to appreciate the persons to whom they are addressed.

Lastly, I must protest against any opinion which may have been entertained, that I have sought a personal satisfaction by exciting a general interest. If, therefore, it shall eventually be determined, that my labours in the *belles-lettres*, however humble, do not deserve that some professional or other critic (of learning and abilities perhaps, but wanting in that *delicacy of tact* which is necessary to form correct notions on these subjects,)

should affirm that they have experienced adequate attention from the public; or I shall appear, that the zeal, and philosophical fidelity of my reflections on more important subjects in which I have, with much care and labour, avoided even the appearance of the spirit of theory ought to exempt them from the fate of being lightly criticized and condemned merely on the secondary ground of *style*, as unsuccessful imitations of the flourishes of fashionable sophists; the triumph I shall obtain by these concessions will not be welcome to me on my own account. I shall, after the example of a poet,* confess that it is, on the contrary, indifferent to me whether my future publications are

* The poet Mason's words are,

"Deem not ye that I resume the strain
"To court the world's applause: my years mature
"Have learned to slight the toy."

English Garden. B. i. l. 31.

met with smiles or with frowns; and that favour cannot be more flattering to me than discouragement. But I shall not relinquish the design which, whether the intelligent may or may not have divined it, I have uniformly pursued, of seeking, in the defence of myself as an author, an excuse to contend for the rights of all other authors; thus blamelessly, perhaps, exemplifying the *whole* Christian rule,—that we should *do to others as we would they should do to us*, rather than the simpler maxim of mere philanthropy, at a time when it has been most abused. In fact, we are in want of a body of *independent* literati, similar to the members of the old French Academy, who should consider themselves bound to bring to an immediate test the real merit of all attempts in polite literature; and it was with this persuasion, that having at first engaged

in a controversy upon disinterested principles, on my own account, I, consistently resolved to continue it for the sake of others and to point at such an arrangement among the critics, as would be equivalent to the institution of an academy. For want of some regulation, at present, their very kindness may be unkind. I doubt not that the rule of Pope in favour of indifferent authors, is often followed by them; namely, that

—'tis but just to let them live in time,

Yet surely, they ought to be just, in the true sense, before they are generous; and be quite certain that they have given the author of merit his due, before they at all busy themselves in rewarding the inferior candidates for favour. We are ignorant of human nature if we suppose, that either talents or

virtue will of themselves command respect. On the contrary, compared with their reception in the world, they may exhibit a sort of mixture of *resemblance and contrariety* (resemblance in the expected, and contrariety in the real, return,) and thus, at the expense of their owners, produce *the ridiculous;* which is said to be thus compounded. But who, it may be asked, except those who are interested as principals, have any thing to do with the satisfaction of the claims of merit? I answer, every one; because indifferent authors would benefit from the full and early investigation of every claim which it supposes, by learning that which most imports them, the knowledge of themselves. What all enterprizing industrious men should expect, is that which men in trade are solicitous about, the power of drawing advantages from their labour, in the proportion

of its value; or at least the honour of sharing it with every other individual in the community. Praise itself should be chiefly valued, and censure objected to, as they favour or obstruct their pursuits adopted for the sake of, at least not in opposition to, their duty; and those, therefore, do not sufficiently reflect upon the nature of man, who conceive that it is the part of humility rather than weakness, to rejoice at any *modicum* of praise that may be allotted to us; for the solid advantages which praise confers, do not always attend it; and it may sometimes only expose, although at other times it may truly exalt, its object. But the lover of justice will, with British honesty, take care, that the payments made in it shall equal not only the *nominal*, but the *real* value of his debts; and there *is* a species of justice which accords in many instances with the principles of religion,

though it may not with some refinements of religionists.

The public, as well as private, advantage obtained, by thus giving briskness to the trade of talents and hastening returns of fair yet profitable esteem, will, I flatter myself, justify prefaces of some length. In composing such, I have intended to address myself as much to the many, as to the few; though the authors of long prefaces may be condemned for doing so; but I thought the nature of my pursuits required it; and indeed, I saw no reason why, if I had only cared for the effect of my writings on the minds of enlightened critics, publication itself was necessary; because some presentation copies printed to distribute among them, would both have served my purpose, and have saved me whatever pain might result from being known to the public as a poet.

may in future be experienced from
growth of prejudice, and the baneful
of its palatable fruits, to encounter, in
attempt to eradicate its noxious bastard
not only an universal indisposition to co-
ration, but an universal proneness to susp
It is, indeed, difficult to say, whether
one who espoused, in the particular way
I have done, the cause of future auth
could, however versatile might be his talents
retain all his popularity. And yet the mea-
sure of thus pleading the cause of authors
may demonstrate zeal both for our country's
glory, by endeavouring to prevent its go-
vernment from being stigmatized as unfriendly
to science, and for the welfare of our fellow
creatures, by exemplifying the benevolent
sentiment expressed in the *miseris succurere disco;* and exhibiting us as attempting to
found on our past ill success in the world,

the future good fortune of others. If these or any other favourable circumstances I have hinted at, should be thought alone insufficient to justify this scheme, I must resort to a particular excuse, which I may be allowed to offer, for entertaining the idea of it; and to express, in defence of myself, a surmise, that *whoever shall have discovered, in any celebrated philosopher's comments upon a work of the most acknowledged merit, such mistakes as tended to lessen the world's just esteem for that work; though the service thus rendered to literature, and the qualifications shewn for advancing opinions on matters of science, should not be very great; will at least have earned for himself the privilege of once admonishing the anonymous journalist, to be careful not to disparage or overlook other evidences of literary merit than* perspicuity, *in compositions, that can*

derive no support from literary name, a[illegible]
which cannot therefore, previously to perus[illegible]
BESPEAK *a disposition to* adequate attenti[illegible]
on the part of their readers.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

ODES.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS FOUNTAYNE, ESQ.*

1780.

SAY, what new fierceness of intent,
Death, that relentless hand has arm'd?
Or dream'st thou, the dire weapon sent,
None, save its victim, shall be harm'd?

* Son of the present Dean of York, and the subject of one of Mason's epitaphs.

Ah! see the saddest, where thou art,
Of Sorrow's weeping train advance,
With bows all strung; and many a dart
Swell the dread triumph of thy lance:

Here on the parent doom'd to alight,
Or, trembling with a parent's fears,
Whom Nature's ties less close unite;
There fill a sister's eye with tears.*

* Under the characters mentioned in this stanza, are attempted to be shadowed all his nearest, or dearest, relations; and among them, his eminently respectable uncle, the late Right Hon. Frederick Montagu; on whose regard for justice and the rights of individuals, duty and interest here equally conspire to dissuade from silence. One of the last, if not the last, public act of that upright and independent senator, who afterwards retired to a private station, was to propose in parliament the honourable annuity, by which Great Britain has, in her generosity, acknowledged the incalculable losses suffered by the late proprietaries of Pennsylvania; and, what they judge of more consequence, the competent character and merits likewise of their family, and particularly of their ancestor, who was its founder.

Listless around thy victims watch,
Pale friends, or bear, with Hurry's gait,
Laborious aid; though scarce to snatch
A moment from impending fate.

Yet there, ah! dost thou not rejoice,
And feed insatiate on their sighs?
Say, dost thou, with exulting voice,
In fancy drag thy prostrate prize?

The stroke, that will each lifeless joint
Relax, with Mockery's scowl prepare;
Or, smiling scan the weapon's point
Ere thou hast hurl'd it in the air?

So towards him didst thou seem to bend
Thy course, so fierce with threatening mien,
Ere, early struck by thee, my friend
Low bowing to the earth was seen.

Meek was the head, remorseless Power,
That sunk beneath thy whelming rage;

Nor eye did with defiance lour,
Nor tongue provoke thee to engage:

Meek, as in bowers where Cam late saw
Joy inoffensive light his face,
While, passing, he still drudged to draw
His slimy train, with sluggish pace.

Yet there bright Naiads we espied,
Who to the Nine their seats display'd:
Together, pleased, how oft we hied
To court the willow's slender shade.

Mark Cam his leaden urn upheave,
Or hail, on vocal banks, each Muse,
When Morn paced forth, or silent Eve
Came sprinkling every flower with dews!

Hope then was his, and Youth to him,
Gay-crown'd with roses, sweetly smiled;
Pleasure drew nigh, in festal trim,
Pleasure, that often has beguiled!

Ev'n fickle Fortune, dubious dame,
Grasping the horn fair Plenty wore,
Cast round each treasure, as she came,
Bade him take freely of her store.

He saw; he stoop'd; but Death was near,
And, poised, the unerring weapon shone—
Straight Youth and Pleasure disappear,
And Fortune's wrested gifts are gone;

Ah! never to return; as they,
High on the fleet winds born afar,
To various votaries, obey
The guidance of a happier star!

ODE

TO TIME; WRITTEN ON THE NEW YEAR'S DAY OF 1781.

TIME, awful power, that rulest o'er all;
By rich, by poor, unbribed, unpitying found;
Beneath whose arm triumphant heroes fall,
And golden palaces bestrew the desert ground:

Too long, whene'er thou hast renew'd
The flowery foliage, or matured the plain,
Have War, and Ruin fell, his hated brood,
And Death untimely, lower'd amid thy mournful train;

While daunted at thy brow severe
Spring check'd her joy, the bloom of Summer fled;
Autumn sate weeping on his sheaves, and near
Ev'n sullen Winter wore a thrilling gloom more dread.

O, as thou hold'st thy ceaseless course,
Grown milder now, great Power; with Peace
combined,
Driving far off grim War, and lawless Force,
Thy formidable locks with lasting olive bind.

So may the fields revive, and late
Where Desolation triumph'd, Plenty reign:
By Fear withheld, though mourning at his fate,
So may the labourer ply his cheerful toil again!

Calm Nature's voice, and wood-notes sweet,
The din of loud artillery succeed;
Commerce a world's returning treasure greet;
Nor sad Britannia more, begirt with trophies,
bleed.

ODE

WRITTEN AT THE GERMAN SPA.

1782.

ELYSIAN scenes, that now, once more,
Ere six revolving years are o'er,
Allure my voluntary feet
To trace the paths thick branches shade,
Or near the rill, or in the glade,
Their pleasing toil repeat;

I come not, tortured by Disease,
To seek the boon of healthful ease,
At pitying Nature's bounteous hand;
Nor, where yon crystal fount distils,
With real or with imaged ills,
To join the eager band.

Grateful for blessings own'd, yet now,
O let me, on this shrubby brow,
Unnoted by the mirthful throng,
Pour, as the favouring Muse's fire,
And Heaven's beneficence, inspire,
My solitary song.

Hygeia here perfumes the gales,
And o'er the labourer's pains prevails;
Here Science may her votary save,
Or Europe's statesmen life imbibe,
And lands their destiny ascribe
To the salubrious wave.

Yet, not to outward cures confined,
The body from the kindred mind
Full oft has borrow'd a resource;
And Fancy oft, successful, tries
The sweet enchantment of Surprise,
To instil returning force.

For not in vain such glories, sure,
Those towering oaks, these glooms obscure,

And mountains thus abrupt, are given,
Whose sides, with mossy clothing brown,
The shatter'd torrent thunders down,
By Oreads headlong driven,

Discovering now its progress hoar;
Now deadening behind rocks its roar;
And now that, born, a silent stream,
Along the fertile valley strays,
And clear o'er pebbles rolls its maze,
That trembles to the beam.

The beauties of the varied view,
The whispering air, the heaven's hue,
Of power to remedy may prove;
The timid cuckoo's distant call,
And, through each swell, and melting fall,
The music of the grove.

Each note is of a charm possess'd,
May sooth some rankling care to rest,
Or pleasure new, to heal, impart;

On all the foliage magic hangs;
And warbling brooks to bitter pangs
Apply their lenient art.

Far as the exalted eye beholds,
The Genius of the forest folds
With smiles, around, his verdant robe;
And marshes dank, and wilds untrod,
Rejoicing feel the present God
Re-animate the globe.

A tract, that, under Winter's sway,
Through all the dark tempestuous day,
Fierce wolves astonish as they howl;
Now leave, and into caverns go,
When whistling winds have ceased to blow,
And skies no longer scowl!

Even while I sing, the entrancing sight
Casts o'er my soul a sudden light;
The vital currents freer glide;

And every damp oppression leaves
My bounding heart, that, glad, receives,
And sends the genial tide:

Unwonted strength my members own;
Languor recedes, and Toil is flown,
As round my raptured gaze I bear,
And see, beneath the sky serene,
Its fullest flowers, and richest Green *
The Summer landscape wear.

* ——— gay Green,
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe. THOMS. *Spring*.

ODE

TO H—— V——, ESQ. ON HIS EXPLOITS AT ALGIERS.

Non hæc *jocosæ* conveniunt lyræ.

V——, the adapted chords to explore
I hasten, pleased; and yield applause,
Just to the worth that graces more
A noble cause:

Thy worth, that taught the lawless crew
What power may pass the midway flood:
What England's dreaded arms may do,
And gallant blood.

On the the rich coasts Columbus show'd,
A V—— reap'd victorious praise;

A V—— Lybia's squadrons strow'd
In later days.

Echoing sublimely through the air,
Those deeds may loftier bards inspire,
Nor doom to warlike themes, though fair,
The Lesbian lyre.

Rather be mine to trace aright
Thy hail'd return, than issuing course;
Painting, in Love's attacks, the might
Of Battle's force;

As to the city thee thy stars
Again, with fame augmented, brought,
And troubled, shewn the British Mars,
Each virgin's thought.

Long each thy grace enough approved,
Wavering; but pride new merits quell,
As numerous axes, soon removed,
The beeches fell.

Stern Courage, arm'd by Love, arose,
And Enterprize, that never rests,
Thy prompt reserve; too mighty foes
For tender breasts!

O say, what Nymph's soft homage calls,
Whom haply her duenna keeps
Watchful, or less severe inthralls,
While Honour sleeps?

Perhaps, her chamber near, at eve,
When all is rapture or repose,
To notes, that in accordance grieve,
Thou tell'st thy woes:

The heavens, the placid moon, the strings
Her melted soul, consenting, try;
And Love steals inward, on the wings
Of Harmony.

She mutters, "Love has known alloy
"Ere even sad Helen's act forbid:

" The scourge that lash'd lamenting Troy,
" Now strikes Madrid.

" He sues, my slave, for favour, he
" Who binds imperious hearts in chains :
" For me the voice awakes, for me
" The lute complains :

" Those laurels that, from Algiers born,
" Aloft adorn'd his victor-brow,
" Cast at my feet, his chance to mourn,
" Endear his vow.

" Strange ! that loud Strife, and War's alarm,
" And deeds of noon, Desire invite ;
" Desire, that wanton Whispers charm,
" And silent Night !

" Strange ! that sore wounds, which writhe in pains,
" And features we adore deform,
" The boiling current of our veins
" More inly warm !

" Ye saints, in heavenly realms afar,
" Daily preferr'd, religious hosts;
" That, in full ranks, the calendar
" Recording boasts;

" Not all your numbers from its lures
" To wrest this struggling heart avail:
" My prayers mount fruitless, and with yours,
" My efforts fail."

ODE

WRITTEN AT BETHLEM, IN PENNSYLVANIA, IN A PARTY OF TRAVELLERS, AMONG WHOM WAS MISS A—— A—— OF PHILADELPHIA; ON A GENTLEMAN OF THE PARTY DESIRING TO HAVE THE JOURNEY CELEBRATED IN VERSE.

HAIL, Leheigh, to whose shady shores
Monockisy his treasure pours,
Through fertile meadows brought:
For, called to endite, the groves and streams
Most form the rapturous Poet's themes,
And most inspire his thought.

Else, Bethlem, had I sung of thee,
The circling culture built to see;
First own'd a Muse's care;

And praised the customs and the rites
Each brother* boasts, whose peace delights,
Or each religious fair.

From German fields, with pious aim,
O'er stormy seas, the people came;
Nor deem'd the risk too much.
Irish, in troops, the same have done,
And ease by bondage lost or won,
With British, French, and Dutch.

But few have form'd, in union strong,
A tribe that will, through ages long,
Mark their distinguish'd doom
With structures wide, the public toil
To aid, or, in this distant soil,
Afford the stranger room.

* The whole town is occupied by the settlement of Moravians, whom the exertions of Count Zinsindorff, then the principal and most active friend of the sect, established in this retirement in the year 1742.

O bounteous shed, thy glory now,
Thy use, most partial, I allow;
Where cleaner walls abound,
Food of more healthful kind appears,
Nor vies in tenfold tints of years,
The ceiling with the ground.

This, 'scaped from troubles I declare;
From casual hosts, and half-way fare;
And beds, and victuals, rank;
Though a more favour'd bard by Fate,
Than erst my predecessor great
Born tired from Tiber's bank.

To meads unseen, and cities strange
He flew, and sought the joys of change,
With friends facetious stored;
Arm'd by whose festive wit he scorn'd
The plagues of lodging unadorn'd,
And horrors of the board.

The first, 'tis said,* whose hardships told,
Late brother-travellers consoled;
With Virgil's dear discourse,
Or heartening looks Mæcenas gave,
(May such all bards from hunger save!)
He check'd Mischance's force.

Nor water soil'd, nor savage noise,
Could damp the ardour of his joys,
Or vex his easy mind,

* In some travels of no ordinary merit, at that time new, at least in the country where this was written, it is remarked, "since that (the journal) of the journey from "Rome to Reggio, said to have been written by the "satirist Lucilius, has not reached us, we may con-"sider Horace's fifth satire as the prototype of all tours "and travels." *Swinburne's Travels in the two Sicilies.* Since that period, this celebrated journey has been further recommended to general notice, by an undertaking in the fine arts, for which the public is indebted to the patronage of Sir Richard Hoare; namely, to complete a series of engravings descriptive of the Poet's route, as indicated in this satire.

Solaced by friends of peerless note,
Nor undeserving, nor remote;
But kinder Heaven I find;

While gladding here the gazer's heart,
Fair comrades a success impart
To match Presumption's aim.
The friends of Horace were not base;
But what is Poetry to Grace?
A Patron to a Dame?

ODE

ON THE BACKWARDNESS OF SPRING.

Why, rugged Winter, dost thou still
Thy transitory sway resume?
Late, o'er the grove, and cheerless hill,
Did gentler winds our bosom fill
With rapture, and succeed thy gloom.

Late azure heavens appear'd around,
For snow, that veils the sable sky,
Rages in air, and heaps the ground;
While herds and men, wherever found,
To refuge and to comfort fly.

Thus oft our eager purpose fails,
And Ardour fruitless ends pursues!

But come, ye balmy breathing gales;
Come, Zephyr, to the frozen dales;
Come, simple sounds, and vernal views.

Crown'd with new leaves, shall instant Spring
To mute Despondence bear her aid;
And as the woods responsive ring,
Her hues, o'er all, her odours fling,
And beckon to the flowery shade:

Or, in the pastures while I stray,
Beneath green boughs will rivulets meet;*
Where, shelter'd from the cloudless day,
The fisher waits his silvery prey,
Or cattle shun the noontide heat.

* Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream ———
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly.
THOMSON.

With the gay labours of the field,
The Season hastes, restrain'd too long,
With joy that lawns, that copses yield,
Love's flame, through Nature's bounds reveal'd,
And Hope, to elevate the song.

ODE:

BEING A CHORUS IN THE FIRST EDITION OF THE BATTLE OF EDDINGTON.

Let Worth, let Patriot Zeal, with eye
O'erflowing, and with drooping head;
Let all who venerate the mysterious tie
Of wedded Love, or Power, bemoan,
Chased to the refuge of the obscure retreat
By savage foes, o'er his dominions spread,
Respect the pathless marsh, where mingling meet
The stores of Parret and of Thone.

While,* heedless of himself, the Chief
But labour'd for his country's good.
There his loved partner long partook his grief,

* Pharsalia, lib. ii. ver. 241.

Among a circling infant race.
There long, the cause of England to support,
His subject-squadron every bribe withstood
Of Want, unblamed Misfortune taught to court,
And cherish undeserved Disgrace.

If e'er Repose, and hoped Success
Reward the battle-wasted bands;
If e'er the counsels sage of Alfred bless
With promised law the impatient realm;
Long hence the thoughtful Briton shall exclaim,
As on the bank, with folded arms, he stands;
" Here could not foes extinguish Virtue's flame,
" Nor growing Liberty o'erwhelm.

" Leaving this ambush, girt with reeds,
" Full oft our fathers, to the increase
" Of urging ills opposed adventurous deeds,
" And vengeance dreadful, though unknown;
" Till happier triumphs teem'd, for wearied Woe,
" The friendly refuge, and the fruits of Peace.

" Then near the pathless marsh still honour'd flow
" Ye streams of Parret and of Thone."*

* " The greatest inconvenience Alfred laboured under " in this place arose from a scarcity of provisions, of " which the following story, told by all the old historians, " is a proof. It happened one day during the winter, " which proved uncommonly severe, that he had sent all " his attendants out to endeavour to procure fish, or some " kind of provisions; so difficult was the enterprize es- " teemed, that the King and Queen only were excused " from the employment. When they were gone, the " King, as was his custom whenever he had an oppor- " tunity, took a book, and began reading, whilst Elswi- " tha was employed in her domestic concerns; they had " not long continued thus engaged, before a poor pil- " grim, accidentally passing that way, knocked at the " gate, and begged they would give him something to " eat. The humane King called to Elswitha, and de- " sired her to give the poor man part of what provision " there was in the house: the Queen finding only one " loaf, brought it to Alfred, to shew how slender their " store was, at the same time representing the distresses " the family would labour under, should they return from " their foraging unsuccessful. The King, not deterred " by this scanty view from his charitable purposes, but " rather internally rejoicing at this trial of his humanity,

" cheerfully gave the poor Christian one half of the loaf;
" consoling the Queen with this religious reflection—
" That he who could feed five thousand with five loaves
" and two fishes, could make (if it so pleased him) that
" half of the loaf suffice for more than their necessities.
" When the traveller departed, the King returned to his
" reading, and felt that satisfaction which most surely
" results from a beneficent action. Nor was it long un-
" rewarded, for his companions returned with so great a
" quantity of provisions, that they were not exposed to
" any similar inconveniences during their seclusion."

Bicknell's Life of Alfred.

ELEGY

ON THE DEPARTURE OF MISS P—— AND J—— CH—— FROM PHILADELPHIA IN 1783, TO ATTEND THEIR MOTHER, INDISPOSED IN THE COUNTRY.

THE wintry gale through air its progress takes,
Deep-searching Delaware's arrested wave;
On the bared oaks collected, icy flakes
Succeed the garb a milder season gave:

Nor flock, nor lowing herd, enraptured feeds;
Nor Nature's voice, and Love's, salute the grove,
While Duty far the youthful sisters leads
To fields, whence late the gathering tempests drove.

With other objects, tinged by Summer's ray,
Resplendent pair, the general scene could charm,

When he, who plaintive sings, an earlier day,
With you beheld, nor dreaded Grief's alarm.

Soft whispering breezes, as the bank we trod,
Moved here the stream, there shook the trembling
boughs,
And round your steps, on wing, and round their
God,
The Loves, your captives vaunting, summ'd their
vows.

Then Life's glad face, and Vegetation's smiles,
Then cloudless heavens allured the admiring eye,
The river's surface smooth, its shaded isles,
And mineral springs * its distant shores supply.

Thus, when to poet's old, the vernal beam
Unveil'd each opening bloom, and checker'd shade,
Fair Naiads, brightest guardians of the stream,
In rapturous vision near Ilissus stray'd.

* At Bristol.

Now Disappointment mocks the curious gaze;
Nor all, as late, with female grace conspires,
Or, with yourselves, exalting to due praise
Your kindred fair, e'en coldest bosoms fires.

No more, the station * sought, amused you note
Each group, slow-moving o'er the river's bed;
Nor Verdure's charms delight, nor roofs remote,
Nor floating toils, with patient ardour spread.

Such pleasures vanish'd, other comforts hid,
Ere, man to bless, Refinement sways the earth,
By Time unconquer'd, and to fade forbid,
Even Winter sooth, with animating Mirth.

O'er wide stretch'd capitals, when Darkness reigns,
And longer waves, in keener air, her wing,
Art boasts of haunts that rival fragrant plains,
Nor leave a sigh for Daylight and for Spring.

* The ferry.

See, from the [illegible], and [illegible]
Of dreary [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]
Pale Fear, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
And vanquish [illegible]* [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Shelter'd by [illegible] [illegible], a [illegible] [illegible]
Confess, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
The Passions [illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible],
Or [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

To forms of [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]
Gives [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Here [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
And in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Here Reason [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Narration [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Or Sentiment [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
Or Languor [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

* [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible]

From these ye fled, fair Nymphs. Ye fled! The lyre
Straight, at the word, in heavier measures moans;
More sounds, for you first waked, its solemn wire
With deep vibrations, and with tardy tones.

More thrilling throes the voice, the hand, the heart
Of Anguish prompt, and frame the sorrowing song,
That hour to mourn, which saw you hence depart,
So late our pleasure, and our pride so long.

Can equal joy, denied your presence, bless,
Or when Sol's ray the rapid sled directs;
Or, in the illumined dome, adorn'd by dress,
When China's herb our nightly band collects?

Nor small the pain, where Admiration warms,
To fly those hearts, become by worth our own;
Witness the crowds that your attractive forms
Beheld enamour'd, and regretted groan.

But hark! new murmurs Friendship's voice proclaim.
(As Love, o'er Friendship boundless merits rule)
" Let not," it cries, " though pure the virtuous aim,
" My vivid glow preceptive duty cool.

" Be own'd her honours; be obey'd her laws:
" Still shall, where'er the zones of heaven extend,
" From east to west, my name deserve applause,
" And Truth and Fable celebrate the Friend.

" Haste then, when Filial Love forbids no more
" The blameless deed, and will parental seals;
" True to the temperate flame that fired before,
" Here seek the enjoyment my adorer feels.

" Here (for from places whence ye flew I call)
" The enlivening objects wait, that round shall rise,
" Welcomes sincere, the tribute due from all,
" And lighten'd bosoms, and rekindled eyes."

SONNET

ON A VERY TAME PIGEON, WHICH HAD DIED FROM PICKING UP SOME POISONOUS SUBSTANCE.

Pride of the race, once sacred held by Greece
To Love, and honour'd in the poet's strain;
(Though now thy frolic flights, required in vain
Among these flowers, and check'd by Sickness, cease,
Nor sound, with snowy plumes, the shades of Peace,
Each haunt of Leisure sought, his glance to gain);
Even Instinct's social tie shall Memory deign
To reverence, and from dumb Neglect release.
"Thine," * oft I said (nor hoped so near thy end)
"Are all things round; the groves and cloudless
"sky:

* Anac. Ode 33.

Painted by J. I. Pine

Engraved by Wm. Byrne

The Solitude, near Philadelphia

" While cheers the enlivening ray, sport and enjoy.
" Thine are yon oaks, that o'er the stream impend,
" And rocks that, as I stray with musing eye,
" Or wonder from the shed, can never cloy."

SONNET

WRITTEN AT POPE'S GROVE, NEAR BINFIELD.
1788.

Ye withering beeches, in whose solemn shade
His youthful harp a lofty Spirit strung;
Oft did your branches green, around him flung,
And towering trunks, his thoughtful rapture aid;
And oft the fields inspired, immortal made,
With Windsor's woods, in lays he sweetly sung:
Grace charm'd, but then alone, these scenes among,
Where flowerets breathe, and Evening gilds the glade.
Here Memory, noting the Mourner's song,
Now cries, when rest each early warbler seeks;
"Here, with slow steps, he paced the verdant ground,
"A sacred bard, since Virtue's aid so long;
"Hence view'd yon 'bluish hills,' there dwelt"—
She speaks,
And sympathizing Nature smiles around.

SONNET

WRITTEN ON MOUNT MERLIN, IN WALES,
1796.

FAMED hill, that, as Tradition tells, wouldst show
To lonely Merlin, hence around display'd,
Those varied beauties; mountains with their shade,
Far reaching, and meandering streams below;
Thou, to whose summit, Fate's decrees to know,
Ere Love his footsteps to the lake* convey'd,
High chiefs, 'tis sung, their eager journies made,
Now on such godlike gifts none faith bestow.

* —— the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he loved, for him in haste did send.

In the mean time, through that false ladies traine,
He was surprised, and buried under beare,
Ne ever to his work return'd againe.
Fairie Queen, B. iii. c. 3. stanza 9.

Yet though my country, for a thousand years,
Were taught its doom, what warning more desired,
Or truer, could from hallow'd caverns sound,
Than this, " unfriended by his faithless fears,
" Baseness shall rue the boon his prayers acquired,
" And Valour be, alone, by fortune crown'd?"

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM

ON THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

When English law on new foundations rose.
And Alfred gloried in his realm's repose,
Justice, that saw, amazed, the finish'd work,
Broke forth, one fancied blemish seen to lurk:
" And shall harsh rules devote the race's flower?
" Nor Beauty's favourites boast an equal power?
" Here I condemn—But hold; the rash complains,
" And still wise Providence aright ordains:
" Though part seem injured, all must win respect—
" True; Man *shall* act, but Woman *may* direct."

EPIGRAM

ON THE FIRE AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

VANBURGH, the roof to trills responsive falls,
And flames yield only to thy sturdy walls.
Each noble's seat, who chanting chiefs approved,
Their palaces, though now, with groves, removed;
The flutes, or strings, by whose assistant charms
They sooth'd with love, or terrified with arms;
Their vestments, Rome's, or Persia's proud attire,
All seized alike by the relentless fire,
And females scared, and eunuchs, as they rnn,
Appease the shades of Pope and Addison.

EPIGRAM

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF A TRIFLE.

You paint great changes, come, in France, to pass;
I think but of my loss—a spying-glass.
Yet scarce more justly did the Cyclops sigh,
Spoil'd by Ulysses of his single eye.

EPIGRAM

ON A FAILURE OF STUCCO.

Call'd to restore the structure's outward grace,
That plaster whiten'd, and its wrecks deface;
The artist asks, "Which shed did Time subdue?"
"Which shed?" replies its owner, "'tis the new."

EPIGRAM.

A CONSOLATION OF AVARICE.

Spouse of unfetter'd heart, though now a wife
In wedlock's bands has fasten'd thee for life:
Her features mean some good forebode thee still,
And looks repulsive, that with terror thrill:
To flattering crowds let tempted beauty yield;
Thy rights are guarded by a Gorgon shield.

EPIGRAM

ON A LOVE MATCH.

Chremes, thy son with kindness still behold,
Though, warm to Beauty, Wealth confess him cold.
Beauty from Beauty springs: no more rebuke—
Thy winning grandchild may espouse a duke.

EPIGRAM

ON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RECOVERY IN 1789.

THE endanger'd vessel, victress of the gale,
Restored her pilot, spreads again the sail.
Fame boasts, than long the ocean's rage was braved
Without his guidance, and the tackle saved;
Yet less in wonder, as the nations knew
This bark was govern'd by a British crew.

EPIGRAM

ON THE ILLUMINATIONS IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE SAME EVENT.

A MONARCH's health, suspended long, to greet,
And speak at once the joy of many a street,
As Darkness spreads, all London kindling soon,
The wheels are guided by the blaze of Noon.

Taste each gay form of color'd light surveys,
And Science every hue the prism displays.

EPIGRAM.

THE SUPPOSED REFLECTION OF ONE WHO FAILED IN HIS APPLICATION FOR PREFERMENT AT A GREAT COURT.

Scarce could I think that rough address, and face,
A Courtier's, till refused my promised place.

EPIGRAM

ON WINDSOR'S BECOMING THE RESIDENCE OF THE COURT.

The seat of Edward well befits the train,
Whose pomp adorns a prosperous ruler's reign.
There, beneath forests, cherish'd Commerce sees
The untroubled waters of the silent Thames;

And just the City's spires are seen, to grace
With suited majesty, the reverend place.
There too the field * of Freedom, at whose sight
John erst had shrunk, a Brunswick may delight,

EPIGRAM.

THE PROSELYTE.

You've preach'd away my notions vain
From texts in the Apostle Paine.
No longer unenlighten'd zeal
For England's glory do I feel;
No longer sum, with swelling heart,
Her feats in War, and wreaths of Art;
Her poets charming every age,
And truth unfolded by her sage.
The city long I wish'd to last,
Become as beauteous as 'tis vast:

* Runnymede.

But careless now, whene'er I can,
With clubbists hail the Rights of Man.
Discourse, still treating of the theme,
Shall prove, on this I think and dream
From morn till eve, from dusk till dawn:
Fear not—but pardon if I yawn.

EPIGRAM.

A HUSBAND'S APOLOGY.

However stoutly you maintain
That damages are solid gain,
My duel, I contend, was right:
What are horns given for but to fight?

EPIGRAM

ON READING AN ESSAY UPON POLITICAL JUSTICE.

BRITON, admonish'd of the fate
That threatens us, the ship of state
Rescue from danger, with all hands;
Nor strike upon the G—dw—n sands.

EPIGRAM

ON THE COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH AMERICA, IN 1794.

THE vast Atlantic, that so wide
Once roll'd, the nations to divide,
Joins them, in happy hour allied.*

* And seas but join the nations they divide.
POPE. *Windsor Forest.*

EPIGRAM

ON SOME POEMS, AND A PAMPHLET, PUBLISHED NEAR THE SAME TIME, BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Your rhymes are good, I own; but, ——,
I cannot think your reasons valid.

EPIGRAM

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Your prose, so fanciful and terse,
So just the doctrines of your verse;
For profit we may read your rhyme,
And with your pamphlet kill the time.

EPIGRAM

ON RECEIVING A GEM OF NEWTON, ENGRAVED FOR THE AUTHOR BY MARCHANT.

WELL hast thou, Marchant, toil'd to do thy part,
And grace the country with Athenian art.
Now Architecture plans, as George commands,
New wonders here, new praise in distant lands;
Painting perceives her own no vulgar doom;
And Sculpture's recent boasts astonish Rome.
Nor less the nicer skill, with pride, we see
Of old Pergoteles display'd by thee.
Arts banish'd, that on Lewis fame bestow'd,
And to brute Force her only triumphs owed,
The works, whose merit rare no age disputes,
Let France *purloin*, while Britain *executes*.

EPIGRAM.

AN THE SUCCESSES OF THE ARCHDUKES, IN 1796.

In Austria e'er her tarnish'd fame deplore,
The royal Brothers shall be then no more;
Scarce danger Justice for a land affrights,
Which Hungary rules, and for which Cyprian
fights.

EPIGRAM.

THE GENIUS, OR MODERN CHILD OF FANCY.

—— carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies, et multa litura coercuit ——

"You wrongly" Blumenbach cries, "as lame,
"Decide my vene; I hold to blame

" The wretch, who lets not Fancy's flame
" Divert from faults his eyes."
But I, in Bluemouth wont to find
Just one of us, and not a mind
To strike me to his errors blind,
Was free to criticize.

EPIGRAM

ON MUCH TRASH SCRIBBLED UPON A WINDOW.

A FRIEND to the trade, most adroitly you toil
Each pane with your diamond, good Glazier, to
spoil.

EPIGRAM.

TO A PRINTER, SETTING HIS TYPES TO PRINT A SATIRE OF JUVENAL, BY THE SIDE OF A BAD IMITATION OF IT.

From kindlier Juvenal's eclipsing rays,
Ah! part the feeble, imitative lays.
Still less Salmoneus with the God could vie,
Where Jove resistless rent the stormy sky.

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES.

STANZAS

SENT FROM GENEVA TO THE COUNTESS OF VIRY,* WITH LETTERS FOR A PUZZLE, IN EXECUTION OF A COMMISSION RECEIVED FROM HER AT VIRY, A DAY OR TWO BEFORE. 1780.

THE ease of *letters* oft we seek,
To unbend the brow of Care;
Chase the pale hue from Sorrow's cheek;
And learn Life's ills to bear,

* For an account of this Lady, one of the heroines of Gray's Long Story, see a note to that poem; which next follows, together with the continuation.

When Fortune, ne'er beneath command,
Turns, o'er her wheel, aside;
Or when Disease's numerous band
Their ling'ring tortures guide;

This with the Fever, that the chills
Which on the Ague wait;
This with the Gout's rheumatic thrills,
Or Atrophy's wan state.

That, when no clouding gloom is near,
They give to Joy a zest,
And ev'n Serenity make clear,
Thy bay-wreath'd brows attest.

But, as their *ease*, so with address
Their *difficulty* try.
May it, though different far, no less
Make glisten Pleasure's eye!

For whatsoever objects warm,
With ectasy, the sense,

Receive from Contrast's magic charm
The gladness they dispense;

Till, by degrees, the weary mind
Loaths what it once could crave;
And things of a more trivial kind
A readier welcome have.

A LONG STORY.

AS PUBLISHED BY GRAY.

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands:*
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the pow'r of fairy hands

* The mansion-house at Stoke-Pogis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham.—The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon, and the family of Hatton.

On the death of Lady Cobham, the estate was purchased from her executors, by the family now in the possession of it. The interior of the ancient mansion being found in a state of considerable decay, it was taken down in the year 1789, with the exception of a wing; which was preserved, partly for the sake of its effect as a ruin, harmonizing with the church-yard, the poet's house, and the surrounding scenery.

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft' within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper* led the brawls;
The seals and maces danced before him.

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
Shame on the versifying tribe!
Your hist'ry whither are you spinning?
Can you do nothing but describe?

* Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.—*Gray.*

A house there is land that's enough
From whence, one fatal morning, issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But ruffling in their silks and tissues.

The first came *capitaine* from France,*
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon† kind heav'n
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire;
But Cobham had the polish giv'n,
And tipp'd her arrows with good nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air———
Coarse panegyricks would but tease her.

* Sir Luke Schaub had been at Paris as Ambassador, some years before.

† Lady Cobham's relation, Miss Harriet Speed, afterwards married to the Count de Viry, Sardinian Envoy at the Court of London; and the same who is addressed in the preceding poem.

Melissa is her *nom de guerre.*
Alas! who would not wish to please her?

With bonnet blue, and capuchine,
And aprons long, they hid their armour;
And veiled their weapons, bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. Purt,*
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked imp they call a poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dry'd up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,

* The Rev. Mr. Purt, tutor to the Duke of Bridgewater, then at Eton School.

She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermine.

The heroines undertook the task;
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventured;
Rapp'd at the door, nor staid to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt;
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber.

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books, a huge imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creas'd, like dog's-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says: (who will, believe.)
But that they left the door a-jar,
Where safe, and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
The power of magic was no fable;
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
But left a spell * upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The poet felt a strange disorder;
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

* The *note* which the ladies left upon the table.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The pow'rful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the great house
He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel,
But with a blush, on recollection,
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sat, the Culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery * stand peeping:

* The music-gallery, which overlooked the hall: a place well suited to "the chorus of ghostly old women of quality, who came to give sentence on the culprit poet."

Such as in silence of the night,
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Tyack* has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel door† stand sentry:

In peaked hoods, and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour, once that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The Peeress comes. The audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission:
She court'sies, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

* The Housekeeper.—*Gray.* Her name, which has hitherto been written Styack, is corrected from the grave-stone in the church-yard, and the accounts of cotemporary persons in the parish. The word Mrs. being, no doubt, frequently and ceremoniously prefixed in the conversation of the villagers, may have caused the name to be misapprehended and mis-spelt.

† The old chapel, the door of which was at the opposite extremity of the hall.

The Bard with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenced him,
Disproved the arguments of Squib,*
And all that Groom † could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him:
He stood as mute as poor Macleane. ‡

Yet something he was heard to mutter
"How, in the park, beneath an old-tree,
"(Without design to hurt the butter,
"Or any malice to the poultry,)

"He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet;
"Yet hoped that he might save his bacon:

* Groom of the Chamber.—*Gray.*

† The Steward.—*Gray.* His grave-stone is close to that of Tyack, in the south-west corner of the church-yard.

‡ A famous highwayman, hanged the week before. —*Gray.*

" Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
" He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

The ghostly prudes, with hagged face,
Already had condemned the sinner:
My Lady rose, and with a grace——
She smiled, and bid him come to dinner.

" Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
" Why what can the Viscountess mean?"*
Cry'd the square hoods in woful fidget,
" The times are alter'd quite and clean!

" Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
" Her air and all her manners shew it.
" Commend me to her affability!
" Speak to a commoner and poet!"†

[*Here Five Hundred Stanzas are lost.*]

* The exclamation of the Ghosts is characteristic of the Spanish manners of the age, when they are supposed to have lived.—*Mason.*

† The Sequel follows here.

And so God save our noble KING,
And guard us from long winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my Lady from her rubbers.

PART OF THE SEQUEL

OF

A LONG STORY.

DISCOVERED IN THE YEAR 1783.

So say the dames with sorrowing heart,
As, tumult raising round and bustle,
The assembly one and all depart;
Shoes scrape the ground, and manteaux rustle.

The coast now clear, they quit the loft;
And one below begins to speak—
" Ye ghostly gossips, with whom oft
" I mutter, or from closets shriek;

" The benches left awhile retain,
" And here debate we, since the light
" That sends each dy'd and darken'd pane
" Consoles us for the loss of night.

" To what behaviour (strange, absurd,
" I vow!) have we to-day been witness!
" By'r Lady was the like e'er heard,
" So opposite to form and fitness?

" Alas! the sad degenerate times,
" And fashion's mischievous abuses!
" 'Tis true, I cannot blame his rhymes,
" But they are pitiful excuses;

" And,—by the saints, by Papal toes
" I swear, and by Loretto's shrine—
" To other consciences repose
" May give, but ne'er can quiet mine.

" How then revenge us on the age?—
" Our Queen hath set a meet example.
" Shall we in general schemes engage?
" Or on this single Poet trample?

" Once form and orthodoxy join'd—
" The faggot flamed—How matters alter!

" Now felony, crime of venial kind,
" Alone seems worthy of the halter."

She sate: upstarted with a frown,
A second, in appearance older,
And, slow as she arose, look'd down
Alternately on either shoulder.

Then, with cross'd hands and solemn mien,
Thus answèr'd: " Cry you mercy, Madam!
" Ask you if e'er the like was seen?
" No, never since the time of Adam!

" But in this circle if ye sit
" A signal vengeance to devise,
" Your loving sister sprite permit
" What most may further us, to advise.

" 'Twere just in truth, and fully due,
" That all should feel retaliation,
" Who every system thus o'erthrew
" *We* formed to benefit the nation.

" But seeing this 'tis now no time for,
" (Howe'er they ought to undergo it;)
" And as a notion strikes me—I'm for
" Attacking the obnoxious poet.

" For know, in early youth, *the law*
" Was first the project of the fellow.
" COKE* still the manor's guardian saw,
" With pleasure, saw his genius mellow.

" But, all relinquish'd for his Muse,
" Has born him since a deadly grudge:
" His hopes no longer in him views;
" No longer sees the future judge.

" To him then haste we, to implore
" The mightier aid his wisdom boasts:
" Great among mortals heretofore,
" As great we'll prove him among ghosts.

* Sir Edward Coke, who became possessed of the manor and estate of Stoke Pogis, on marrying an heiress of the Huntingdon family. He died there, Sept. 3, 1634.

Drawn by A. Lendi

Engraved by J. Fisher

Sir Edward Coke's pillar in Stoke Park,
as seen from the crossroad to Clieveden & Beaconsfield

" The garret,* where he used to rave,
" He haunts; the wing, in which below
" Slept once, and once her audience gave,
" His Queen, Elizabeth, our foe.

" Nor deem that he, a Protestant,
" Will with us doubt *to coalesce.*
" Experience vouches that he can't;
" The power of interest all confess."

At this the dames assenting all,
To seek the Knight and open their case,
Slide without tread across the hall,
And wind together up the staircase.

* Below these garrets, and at the extremity of the same wing, were a state bed-chamber and dressing-room, which (according to report) had been occupied by Queen Elizabeth; and in the latter of which she gave an audience. The ceiling was marked in several places, with the initials E. R. and a crown.

Spirits are ne'er by bolts confined,
Or bars, and short the matter hence cut;
For those, who crannies cannot find,
Squeeze through the cieling or the wainscot.

With wary watchfulness they sweep
Slow along unfrequented paths;
Now behind beams and rafters creep,
Now 'twixt the bared and broken laths.

At length, a closet without door
Displays to each the lonely Judge,
Apart, and stretch'd upon the floor;
As spirits, slow ere dusk to budge.

In such plight, piteous to behold,
As waiting erst the hour of death:—
Alas! how changed from him of old,
Who scared banditti with his breath!

His voice, the garb in which he's clad,
And aspect, every terror mingle;

And the same chains that bound him mad,
Now, hanging round about him, jingle:

Such as, to fall when dew begins,
Homeward the villager repairing
From plough, at distance, for his sins,
Perceives him at the window staring.*

The prudes accost him with a smile,
And court'sy low and reverential:
" Bright star, " they cry," of this our isle,
" Glory of Jurisprudence, when shall

" Your slaves prevail on you to hear 'em,
" Unfold a high and weighty matter?
" Let not religion make you fear 'em;
" Nor will it, as ourselves we flatter.

* The known uneasiness of his mind (in consequence of his second marriage), and local traditions, make this representation poetically probable.

" Deign then, descending now with us
" Ev'n to the hall we scarcely quit,
" Our urgent business to discuss;
" 'Tis yours; as hearing you'll admit."

Long cross-legg'd held by mute Suspense,
Sudden he cries—" With Papists?—Humph!
" But it may profit me;—Then hence,
" Ye scruples!—Sister spirits, come."

He rises; down the steps all haste;
The Knight parading in the middle,
As by his suite a monarch graced;
Their meaning ardent to unriddle.

Soon as again they reach the room,
He sinks in Cobham's chair; around him
The rest their places thick resume:
And, at the tale's beginning, sound him;

Then show the Poet dared excite
Their own, no less than his, resentment;

Whence modern pertness punish'd, might
Give him and them alike contentment.

Yet for his honour they declare,
Most, in the lordship's, they complain'd;
And end, imputing to his share
Some misdemeanors they had feign'd:

" That at the door he rudely rapp'd,
" Slander'd the Lady in her presence;
" And oft, at monstrous mischief apt,
" Had soil'd her robe, and spilt her essence."

By their persuasive accents won,
Himself he feels for, them he pities:—
What has not woman's influence done,
Before and since the Syren's ditties?

And thus he cries, " enraged, the wretch
" I find on new pursuits escape me,
" Who my resemblance well might catch,
" Though vainly many lawyers ape me.

" For this, ye walls that long have known
" Your Lord deceased and living both;
" Seen me rejoice, and heard me groan;
" Be witnesses of this my oath.

" If the aërial ministers,
" To manage human things deputed,
" I can induce to aid my stirs,
" And plans of hate so deeply rooted;

" If I can aught of use contrive,
" To accomplish some vindictive work,
" To which those agents I may drive
" By fair persuasion, or by quirk;

" He must, I see, to glory rise—
" Perhaps too in some abbey choir,
" Where less the heart will sympathize,
" A cenotaph may grace his lyre;

" But if I can avail, when brought
" With dirges due to that church-yard

" He sung, in strain pathetic, nought
" Shall mark where sleeps the fav'rite bard.

" And though each way the crowded place
" Should number every pauper's days,
" HIM not the unletter'd Muse shall grace,
" Ev'n with the pittance of her praise."*

* This very superior poet and scholar was buried in the church-yard at Stoke, in the year 1771, without any kind of memorial to indicate the place of his interment. But in the year 1798, a sarcophagus, elevated upon a pedestal, after an elegant design of Mr. James Wyatt, and with appropriate inscriptions, partly from his odes and elegy, was erected upon a spot commanding the points of view, referred to in the first note, as connecting the interesting objects there particularized. A pillar, likewise by the same architect, will be shortly completed, which is erecting in the park, in honour of Sir Edward Coke.

THE SHARK AND DOLPHIN,

A FABLE,

WRITTEN IN A SHIP AT SEA, AMONG THE PASSENGERS, AS A SUNDAY MORNING'S EMPLOYMENT, A DOLPHIN HAVING BEEN CAUGHT THE EVENING BEFORE. 1783.

FAR in the ocean's ample bed,
Where nought, on every side, is spread,
Saluting round the sailor's eye,
But water infinite, and sky;
A Dolphin on the surface play'd,
In beauteous gold and green array'd.
The sun of Summer gilt the noon;
A calm suspended the monsoon;
And as, reflecting oft the ray,
He sported, thoughtless, proud, and gay,
" How happy thus," with careless mind
Seem'd he to say, " the fate assign'd

" The race of dolphins to partake :
" A race of fairest, slenderest make,
" With hues adorn'd by Nature's hand,
" That vie with all in seas, on land,
" (Or where frosts pinch, or sun-beams parch),
" And ev'n in heaven the colour'd arch)
" Pride of the waves, we grace the pen,
" And earn the tuneful praise of men."*

* This fish, the hippuris of some authors, and the dorado of others, is not the dolphin so much noticed by the ancients, and of the nature of which they have transmitted to us such fabulous accounts. Its striking variegation and appearance, as it was esteemed by the sailors the most beautiful fish that swam, led to a choice of the present subject for a poem. Poetical license may, *perhaps*, be a necessary plea to excuse my claiming for this species of fish, the honours conferred on its namesake by the panegyrists in question. It has, however, among the qualities they possess in common, that swiftness similar to the shark's, which has, by the poet Pindar, been put on a par with the eagle's. As the sublime passage I am alluding to, in his second Pythian, fully and desirably explains the scope of my moral, and harmonizes with it, as it must with any really good one, I

A Shark, at distance from the prize,
Bent round, by hunger urged, his eyes;
And seeing soon the beauty finn'd,
Press'd towards him swifter than the wind.
Straight thrown supine, the monster lay,
And swallow'd the unresisting prey.
'Tis thus with man; from forecast free,
As life were an eternity;

shall not scruple here to add it, as translated, with whatever share of the spirit of the original, by the late Mr. Green.

Whate'er the Godhead wills—'tis done;
In vain his high behests we shun;
That god whose all-pervading sight
O'er-rules his favourite eagle's flight,
Darts through the caverns of the main
Beyond the dolphin's rapid train:
Who, with a nod, the pride controls
(Great as they are) of mortal souls;
While others, worth their modest aim,
Beam with the prize of deathless fame
Not that the Muse ('twould ill befit)
Wantons in Censure's ruder wit, &c.

While objects vain his pride employ,
Or please with transitory joy.
Death, unexpected, comes at last,
And riots in his hoped repast.
Takes him, forgetful of his state,
As Reason, by the laws of Fate
Quite to his nature were unknown,
And only Instinct's aim his own.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MRS. ——, ON HER APPROACHING DEPARTURE FROM AMERICA TO ENGLAND. 1785.

Safe, fretful Sea, the favour'd mortal bear,
Tempting thy rage, and trusted to thy care,
Till, prized for beauty, Britain stretch its coast,
And, holding her, enchant with all its boast.
Or does some lustre new, some nobler fire
Ill hide its effluence, here, in Earth's attire,
The kind betray, and warn us to adore,
Like Angel-forms, or Goddesses of yore?
Such grace as this, where argent Cydnus flow'd,
In Egypt's queen, above its surface rode:
Such grace as this, decreed to Trojan arms,
For nine long years awaken'd War's alarms;
From spurn'd Mycenæ born, with sails unfurl'd,
To vex with strife two quarters of the world.

And thou, dread element, of ire devoid,
Be hush'd in wonder at the blaze of ——;
Be smooth'd thy surges, and appeased the storm,
Awed with radiance of so fair a form!
What brute, that saw, its inborn rage could keep?
What bird of air? what monster of the deep?
What heart but feels, at her approach, arise
New calms assuasive, new deserts surprise?
Summer her passage hastes to bless, and guide
Her veering keel through the disparted tide:
For her the clouds to scatter, lay the waves,
And chace the winds to subterranean caves:
For her bid breezes wake, bid stars appear,
And the lone way with half his glories cheer;
Assistant to the temporary dearth
Of rural change, and of assembling mirth,
Ere fields, or circles, light her sparkling eye,
Twice the new moon shall reascend the sky.
So long the God, in rash reliance bold,
Mad Youth insults, and Envy breathes, consoled.
So long the garden's dazzling tints invite—
The rose is crimson, and the lily white.

ALLEGORICAL VERSES

ON AN UNFORTUNATE EVENT, WHICH HAPPENED IN PENNSYLVANIA, DURING THE HARD WEATHER AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1788.

"Long," Piety to Fate exclaim'd,
"Long have I seen thy laws,
"And Heaven's, by impious man defamed;
"Nor cheer'd him with applause:

"From Ignorance, with doubt intent
"To cloud Inquiry's mind,
"I bade him turn; in ills ye sent
"To every pang resign'd.

"When Vice by arts detested throve,
"Grown hoary in success;

" Or Worth with Fortune vainly strove,
" I trusted Heaven no less.

" When to the breast of sanguine Youth
" Thy dart destructive flew,
" Or spoil'd the earth of spotless Truth,
" Did I your counsels rue?

" But bring, thou end of all, the art
" I need: to enlarge my soul,
" O come; lest e'er I blame a part,
" Not wonder at the whole."

" Now firmest virtue," Fate replied,
" The trial sad demands.
" Now lowers the storm that, scaring wide,
" Shall break o'er western lands.

" Where Peace her empire fix'd of yore
" (Swell deepening, human sighs!)
" Shall Sol, portentous, on the shore
" In dread Aquarius rise.

" Two lovers then, to pass the stream
" Will guide the adventurous sled—
" But ah! no more of hopes to dream,
" Nor deck their nuptial bed!

" Ere yet the distant depth they brave,
" Relax'd by moister air,
" The brittle surface of the wave
" Shall plunge the fated fair.

" To him whose love her charms awoke,
" To him, her death is due"—
Fix'd stood the doom: 'twas Fate that spoke—
Be Piety as true!

ODA

AD VENERABILEM AMICUM, CANTABRIGIÆ HABITANTEM, E GERMANIA MISSA, ANNO 1782.

Cami quieto fluminis accolæ,
Non gentium obsunt gesta tibi, mari
Terrâque; non, Musis amico,
Jura novi temerata mundi;

Belli otiosus legibus horridis
Servare tutas dum valeas opes;
Nec mente contempleris ægrâ
Fœdere quo paret arma Gallus,

Aut quas Batavus collegerit rates.
Nec furis ensis, nec tuba commovet
Horrenda; sub quâcunque sedes
Tu, sociis comitatus, ulmo.

Mihi exeunti si tamen adfuit
Optandus ales; sin rabidos, iter
Per omne, famosæ latrones
Illyricæ effugiam, viator:

Instante si non sæva Necessitas
Negotio, errare ulterius vetet,
Cogetque, curis impeditum
Sollicitis revocare gressum;

Palmam laboris jam meritum satis
Periculosi, fors, spatium breve,
Libenter accepisse dices
Gaudia me potiora vestris.

Sparsasque amœnæ visere Etruriæ
Licebit urbes, arvaque Tibridi
Adjuncta, plorantemque Romam
Servitii fragiles catenas:

Vallem Sabinam, prata Lucretilis
Montana, sylvas, ruraque Tusculi

Obire, et eversi stupere
Attonito Latii ruinâ.

At cum videtur tollere se manus,
Futura tractans fata, Diespitris,
Casus revolventi severos,
Et jaculo Libitina certo;

Ponam fugaci tristitiæ modum,
Jucunda quærens pocula. " Largiter
" Huc vina, odoratoque," clamam,
" Ferte rosas calathis ab horto.

" Satis dolendis, Japeti genus
' Infaustum, in horas obruimur malis.
" Ciete dilectos sodales,
" Laxius et Genium monentem.

" Mirante Risu, tum placidos Jocus
" Circumvolabit mitior. Ocyus,
" Rebus ministrantes paratis,
" Cuique mero cyathum replete.

" Fauno hic sacratos nam latices Maro
" Libabat olim. Populus hic comas
" Ingens tetendit sæpè Flacci
" Circum humeros epulantis albas.

" Romam hæc alebant culta virentia
" Devexus illo plurimus a jugo,
" Mensæ coronatum racemus
" Cæsareæ madefecit aurum.

" Potemus. Et nos finibus, hoc die,
" Emptâ Calenis utimur amphorâ :
" Et nos, reclinati, liquorem
" Eximium bibimus Falerni."

THE

BATTLE OF EDDINGTON,

OR

BRITISH LIBERTY.

A

TRAGEDY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PITT.

SIR,

I VENTURED to dedicate to you the first edition of the *Battle of Eddington*, recommended only by the sincerity of my respect for you, as the champion of law and order. I less scruple to dedicate to you a second altered edition, which derives some real value from the applause of a British audience: for you have not ceased, ever since, to deserve equally the gratitude and admiration of all, by maintaining the unequal contest with your adversaries, though not, on your part, rendered even partially invulnerable by any sprinkling of execrable popularity.

Posterity, Sir, will do you the justice to remark, that had danger, at the present period, been apprehended from the crown, the country would have

found, in history, consoling proofs of its ability to cope with monarchs; but that as it was to be looked for in the metaphysical spirit growing among the people, it stood in a new and alarming predicament, and imposed on you a task of the most arduous kind. They will take notice, that the same nation, in the last and present centuries, has forced the rest of Europe to unite for the preservation of its independence, and that it has at both periods manifested an equal contempt of the balance of power. If I speak as one prejudiced, beyond others, against its politics, the reason must be sought in my situation. It may not be deemed wonderful that the grandson and representative, in the elder branch, of the founder of Pennsylvania, should think that but a secondary mode of law-giving, which supposes necessary the destruction of antecedent systems of government.

It has been, of late, a matter of literary discussion, who is, or is not, the proper object of a dedication. I do not know whether a minister has been specifically allowed such, in case the dedicator

prefers receiving no future benefit at his hands. If he is, I shall be happy that, in the present instance, a tribute has been offered, not unworthy of him.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

JOHN PENN.

Spring Gardens,
April 6, 1796.

—— What the lofty grave tragedians taught,
In CHORUS or IAMBIC; teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ALFRED *King of England.*

EDMUND, *the Son and Heir of Alfred, then very young.*

MERVIN, *Prince of South Wales, dependent on Alfred.*

ETHELRED, *Minister and General of the English.*

CEOLUPH, *an English Nobleman.*

A Danish Captain of Auxiliaries, brought to the Danes from Ireland.

CEOLUPH'S *Vassal.*

Officers, Harper, and other Attendants of the Queen.

Soldiers of different Nations engaged in the Battle.

WOMEN.

ELSITHA, *Queen of England.*

EDITHA, *an old Woman inhabiting the Cottage.*

Female Attendants.

ARGUMENT.

IRELAND was very early, by the successful exertions of St. Patrick, converted to Christianity; the early progress of which also in England, had perhaps tended to create an intercourse of the most friendly sort, between the countries; for venerable Bede informs us, that, towards the end of the seventh century, Egfrid, king of Northumberland, wantonly invaded Ireland, "an harmless nation," he says, "and always particularly friendly to the English." In the year 853, the Danes established themselves by force in that country, and in the course of their wars with the inhabitants, were gradually converted to Christianity, without becoming less hostile. At the accession of Alfred, in 871, they had nearly possessed themselves of this island. He succeeded his brother

in the twenty-second year of his age, having married the sister of Buthred, tributary king of Mercia, the beautiful and accomplished Elsitha, who supported with him the various hardships he was for some years destined to endure; and his eldest son was named Edmund, who inherited some of his father's talents, but died before him. In their retreat among the marshes at Athelney in Somersetshire) which has occasioned a comparison between his situation and that of Marius), Alfred witnessed the daily progress of the Danes, who obliged Buthred to fly to Rome, and who found in Ceoluph, called in the Saxon Chronicle "a certain thane," and one of Buthred's household, a person friendly enough to their views, to make them place him upon the vacant throne. During the time he was in favour with the Danes, and consequently in power, it appeared to be his whole object to enrich himself by extortion. Ethelred, a warrior eminent for virtues and talents, assisted Alfred in his warlike enterprizes, and probably during his distresses; for not long after them, he

was made governor of London. He received also in marriage, his daughter Elfleda (called the English Zenobia), together with the earldom of Mercia.

While Alfred sallied occasionally from his retreat, with little hopes but to support himself and his followers, or take some revenge upon his enemies, he heard that Oddune, earl of Devonshire, had defeated an army of the Danes, from Ireland and other parts, who attempted to land near Appledore in that county, and had taken from them the famous standard, which they thought was enchanted, and promised them success in war. Their leader, Hubba, fell, and after burying him in a solemn manner, they betook themselves to their ships. On this event the prospects of Alfred began to brighten.

——— *pulcher fugatis*
Ille dies Latio tenebris
Qui primus almâ risit adoreâ,
Dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas,

Ceu flamma per tædas, vel Eurus
Per Siculas equitavit undas.

When first glad conquest smil'd with golden
gleam,
And chas'd the dreary night, since Latium's foe,
Dire Africk's chief, laid waste her reign,
Fierce as the blazing torches glow,
Wild as the storm that sweeps Sicilia's main.

BOSCAWEN.

He immediately went, disguised as a harper, to the Danish camp at Eddington, in Wiltshire, and by his wit and skill in music, made himself so welcome to the Danes, that he had means of forming an exact judgment of the strength of the camp; which their dissolute and careless manner of life rendered more easily assailable. He then privately summoned those who remained attached to him from all parts: and a general meeting took place at Selwood forest, on the spot where "Alfred's Tower" was erected in honour of that event, by

the family of Sir Richard Hoare, the present possessor of the estate. From hence the army marched, without halting, to Eddington; and though for a long time resisted by the Danes, with determined courage, it prevailed at length, and the scattered remnant of the enemy fled to a neighbouring castle, and soon after capitulated, in the year 880. Alfred gave the Danes their liberty, and granted to those, who embraced the Christian religion, a large tract of land in the northern parts of England. The princes of South Wales had already done homage to Alfred, for their principalities; and Anarawd, their elder brother, and prince of North Wales, now followed their example. Some accounts represent Scotland likewise, where Gregory the Great then reigned, as courting the advantage of a similar union with this country. Having thus established and extended his power in the prime of life, and being in the highest degree, possessed of every great and good quality, he was enabled more effectually to labour in the great work of laying the foundations

of the English government, before his death took place, A. D. 900.

The above facts are true, according to the most credible accounts; but the texture of the fable, and other incidents, are wholly imaginary.

PROLOGUE.

THE picture deign to judge with candour due,
We now prepare to exhibit to your view;
Help'd by no study of effect that draws,
In spite of nature, from the crowd applause:
It aims alone to please, with sober art,
Nor with Distortion's terrors thrill the heart.
The subject you will find (howe'er remote,
To Britons born of memorable note,)
The final contest, when the Danes, who long,
With rage relentless, and with numbers, strong,
Threat'ned the hopes of England to o'erwhelm,
By Alfred's genius baffled, fled the realm;
And years of peace the victor could employ,
To plan that freedom which we now enjoy.

[*to the side boxes.*

You to whom rank and fortune grant on earth
A power unrivall'd to encourage worth;
See to what cause ye owe the prosperous state,
Whence we are destined to behold, elate,
The foreign tribes, who Art's perfection boast,
On all sides hasten to our island's coast:

[*looking round the house.*

And you, who shew, without a wish to roam,
Britain's pre-eminence in arts at home;
And taste with industry combine, the land
To adorn, and distant markets to command;
Observe the fortune of that glorious day;
Since which the laws, all equally obey,
Have roused your enterprize, and bid you feel
Your own advantage in the public weal:

[*to the gallery.*

You too, on whose support our state relies
Of the just measures of the good and wise;
To which your ardour, by no hindrance check'd,
And loyal spirit wisely give effect,

Proof to the specious arguments of foes;
See how that honour'd government arose,
Which ever has secured, and will secure,
Alike from violence the rich and poor:
And both of ease and freedom, gives you more,
With comfort join'd, than has been felt before.

[*to all.*

If these reflections the design suggests,
Excite a generous bias in your breasts,
The solemn sentence we shall wait un'awed;
Sure you will mildly censure—or applaud.

SCENE II.

Mervin, Ethelred.

At length, brave Mervin, to our firm attack,
Have the fierce Danes given way, and, o'er the plain,
Soft-hearted Pity hails the quiet hour
Hope promises so near, of victory.
Fortune looks kinder on us; yet I fear'd,
Believe me, prince, our enemy's success,
Who rallying, drove us, in the warm pursuit,
Back from this conquer'd station, threat'ned worse.
Much I suspect it sprang from treachery.

Merv. Thy words must fill each hearer with amaze.
Can Britons, valiant Etheldred, exist
So base of soul, as privately to treat
With foreign armies, and betray the cause,
Both of their country, and the Christian world?

Eth. I fear it is too certain, and my fears,
I trust, preserved us. I have now opposed

As Alfred's general, with due success,
Ere 'twas too late, the progress of the danger.
A timely movement has secured, perhaps,
The British army, and this plotting lord,
Cannot, I trust, surround us.

Merv. Who is this,
Rank only makes conspicuous to disgrace him?

Eth. [*giving a letter.*] That scroll may best
explain the doubtful story.

Merv. None, sure, can doubt. Lord Ceoluph
has sign'd it,
And treats full plainly with the troops of Ireland,
Who war against us opposite that ground,
Which, with his troops, he holds.

Eth. It is his vassal,
Who, ere he left the precints of our army,
Was seized, and found the bearer of this letter.

Merv. What are thy orders? shall I seek the
traitor,
Among his very guards?

Eth. No; I will seek him.
We must be secret here, lest he escape,

Finding our purpose; and, in truth, respect
Is his just due, till evidence disprove
He entertain'd our former hope, to draw
These Irish to our side.

Merv. Whence rose your hope?

Eth. Well thou remember'st that late victory
On Devon's shore, when Danish Hubba fell,
And those who follow'd him, to invade us, fled
Astonish'd at our unexpected valour,
And sought their ships, leaving our men triumphant.
Twas what first cheer'd our drooping spirits, and thou
Wast straight encouraged to declare thy friendship;
And, with thy subjects of South Wales, hast join'd us!

Merv. 'Tis true, we boldly fix'd on our allies;
But how could Ireland's conquer'd sons discover
Aversion to their lords, or love to us?

Eth. Know that when, mask'd in a mean harper's habit,
The king pass'd unsuspected many a day

Within the Danish camp, he found those troops
Muttering reproach against their pagan masters!
While he, and every Briton, for the achievement,
Were graced with their unanimous applause,
Their zeal almost broke forth in mutiny.

Merv. Ah! why was not some earlier compact form'd?

Eth. The time would ill permit; and Alfred rather
Chose to forbear, when first our forces met,
Than lose the occasion to surprise our foes,
While they were plunged in thoughtless revelry,
And dreamt not of us—But the vassal comes.

Merv. Name then the service, which thy wisdom deems
Best suited to the powers I consecrate
To the great cause we fight for.

Eth. Honour'd chief!
The inquiry, which our duty now enjoins,
May soon determine thee—wait here its issue.

SCENE III.

Marvin, Ethelrad. To them re-enter Soldiers with Vassal in chains.

Eth. Dost thou still plead, the object of thy errand
Was for the general good?

Vass. Truth cannot vary:
My first assertion may condemn, or clear me.

Eth. Favour will not be shewn to stubbornness.

Vass. I seek no favour but from English laws.

Eth. Thy speech is bold: But, with this letter say,
What message did thy lord entrust to thee?

Vass. [*Aside.*] How answer this? [*Loud.*] It was to warn the Irish
That reconcilement would become two lands
So leagued, as legends tell us ours have been,
In constant amity, from earliest times:
Supporters both of the pure Christian faith;
[While unbelieving tribes high wrought its down-fall.]

Till one late lost that honourable title
This he conjured the Irish to recover,
Again unite with us, and dread to leave
A growing labour to our single strength.

Etb. Thy tale is plausible, as is thy spirit
Ready to improve the advantage of free laws:
Whose lenity, though wise, oft screens the guilty,
And renders odious the firm foes of treason.
Yet do not they regard it. British Justice
Can note the obstacles by Freedom raised,
And glory in them.

SCENE IV.

Mervin, Etbelred, Vassal, Soldiers. To them, 2d Officer, and some of the Queen's Attendants.

2 *Off.* Give, respected lord,
Quick counsel to the queen, the fair Elsitha,
Who, with her son, young Edmund, seeks this cottage.

Etb. No sooner we succeed to advance one step,

Than fate returns us to the ground we left,
How came you?

2 Off. Captive led, from our retreat,
By stragglers, seeking here their countrymen:
But rescued, not far distant, by our troops.

Eth. How could they pierce the marshes which conceal'd you?

2 Off. They did not. Scarce you left us, when the queen
Found in the apartment an unopen'd writing,
Which darkly warn'd the king of ill designs.
Deaf to remonstrance, to o'ertake the army,
She rashly ventured forth.

Eth. Thou hast, brave prince,
An apt occasion to exert thy zeal:
Go to the army, and conduct a band
Hither, to guard the queen.

Merv. Ere long expect it. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Ethelred, Attendants, Vassal, Soldiers.

Eth. You from her sight remove, my friends, the prisoner;
But watch him near and closely. He must soon
To Alfred answer, on a charge of treason.
[*Exeunt Att. and Vassal.*

SCENE VI.

Ethelred, Attendants, Soldiers. To them, enter Elsitha, Edmund, and other Attendants.

Els. What did I hear of Alfred and of treason?
Alas, I plainly see, I have been led
By no false warning to resume my fear
Of treachery's deeds, and tremble for his life!
Those fetters, Ethelred, full surely prove it:
Yes, they declare that enemies at home
(The basest enemies) assist the Danes;

They hold their meetings, and they whet their
daggers.
Not all the qualities that grace your king,
His spotless virtue, or his public spirit;
Not all his wisdom can unite the people. [weeps.

Etb. Princess, the danger is at length subdued,
And what there was, thy fears had magnified.

Els. Ah, be not too secure: for have not, say,
Too often base assassins, won by Danes,
Pledged them, ere this, their horrible support?

Etb. We now less fear it. His revived ad-
herents,
Rouzed from the lethargy of long distress,
And still excited by this day's advantage,
Will keep a wakeful eye upon their prince,
Through the contending crowd. Hope feeds their
zeal.
Even now, among the troops, to every mind
Does fond Remembrance trace his various merits,
Mark'd in their looks, their voices, as we pass;
His matchless eloquence, his manly beauty,
His martial glory is the theme of all.

1 *Off.* My lord, our purpose waits thy approbation.

Eth. You mean to search that cot?

1 *Off.* Yes; o'er the plain
Its solitary shelter caught our notice,
Shewn by the rising sun; we came forthwith:
We would prepare it for the queen's reception.

Eth. Do so; but learn, I must depart in speed;
And be not too long absent from your queen,
Though you be thus advised. Suspect all counsel,
Till Mervin's presence, with the guards, secure you.

[*Exeunt* 1 *Off. and some Attendants into the cottage.*

SCENE VII.

Elsitha, Edmund, Ethelred, Attendants, Soldiers.

Eth. Soldiers, return, like lightning, to the army;
And tell the king what here demands his presence!

1 *Sold.* We shall not linger in our way, to drive
Invaders from the land.

Eth. 'Twas spoke like Britons. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

SCENE VIII.

Elsitha, Edmund, Ethelred, Attendants.

Eth. Princess, the expected chief will soon relate
What haste forbids me, and dispel thy fears. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Elsitha, Edmund, Attendants.

Els. Ill hadst thou fared, poor wretch, had it proved true
Thy father had been slain. How wouldst thou hope
To rule a country? how conduct thyself
When we had triumph'd over these our foes?

Edm. But often, sure, I heard thee tell my father,
That we should never gain the victory.

Els. Now, child, the times are changed, the wise assure us
Our new ally gives us full cause for hope.
We shall with ease subdue our adversaries.

Edm. Who is the ally?

Els. The powerful king of Scotland;
Who sends his forces to support thy father;
And would ensure thy birthright by his arms.

Edm. May Heaven reward him for his gracious aid
Against the wicked; those who slew its priests,
And burnt the holy places of its worship.

Els. But all their brave endeavours will be vain
If thou, a helpless claimant of the crown,
Canst not compose the jarring interests,
And guard with policy what they restore,
For thine, and England's surety.

Edm. I will try:
For I remember what my father said.

Els. What hast thou heard him say?

Edm. "A king's first care,"
He told us, "was to single virtue forth;
And make mankind respect its bright example."
Oft too he said, "he ought not to forget,
Those trusty subjects, who, in all his sufferings,
Fought at his side, or shared in his distress."
So would I treat my friends.

Els. And how thy foes?

Edm. As I have seen my father.

Els. How was that?

Edm. He spared the conquer'd Danes, and heard their prayers;
Saying, "resentment towards our enemies
Disgraced the conqueror, and was mean and useless.
The humbled wretch could not be humbled more;
'Twas folly then to spurn his gratitude,
When clemency might win it, fix his love,
And in his heart, though savage, plant the seeds
Of justice, loyalty, and mild religion."

Els. [*embracing him.*] Bless'd be thy memory, and that ready judgment

Which stamps its use; when slow maturing time
Shall waken in thy mind its latest fruits,
Mayst thou, my child, reward a parent's care;
Mayst thou pursue the footsteps of thy sire,
And reach, with him, true glory.

SCENE X.

Elsitha, Edmund, Attendants. To them, enter Attendants from the cottage.

1 *Off.* Queen, we found
The tenant of this cot, oppress'd with fears
Which the loud tumult of the battle round her
Had cherish'd long. The well known garb of Britons,
As on our entering troop she fix'd her eyes,
At once relieved her mind, and cheer'd her aspect.

SCENE XI.

Elsitha, Edmund, Attendants. To them, with Editha, from the cottage.

Els. Much we rejoice, good cottager, to think
Thou art not willing to withhold thy aid
From Britons in distress.

Edi. Whate'er assistance
Lies in the power of helpless Editha,
You may command. It is, alas! too small,
Besides her daily prayers to righteous Heaven
For the good king's success.

Els. Lead, worthy friend,
Where we may now repose: and take our thanks.
Know, loyalty in dangerous times like these,
Honours, however helpless, those who feel it,
And merits gratitude from all that's virtuous.

[*Exeunt Elsitha, Editha, and Edmund, into the cottage.*

Drawn by R. Smirke Esq. R.A. Engraved by W. Skelton

Know loyalty in dangerous times like these;
Honours, however helpless, those who feel it,
And merits gratitude from all that's virtuous. B. of Eddington Act I. Scene

SCENE XII.

Attendants.

1 *Off.* [*to the harper.*] Methinks your art, though
not intended e'er
For such a place, were properly employ'd
To sooth the queen, and, while it can, prevent
The ills of painful thought.
2 *Off.* 'Tis wisely counsell'd:
Yes; let this desert hear harmonious sounds.
1 *Off.* At least, if ever, now she needs relief,
When treason to war's terrors adds its own,
So fearfully o'ermatching female weakness.

SONG.

Ye whom low Gain, in secret, arms
Against fair Britain, favour'd queen,
Ah, hear her plead her varied charms
Of social towns, and meadows green!

See Bliss obey her sage command;
And spare, ah spare your native land!

If other climes his gifts produce,
Where Vintage crowns the race of Toil;
Or fruits of a more tasteful juice,
That ripen in the sunny soil;
Heaven showers on us with lavish hand;
Then spare, ah spare your native land!

Our chosen fields the happy reign
Of Freedom boast, with Reason join'd;
Hence Industry o'er every plain
Surveys the wonders she design'd:
Wide harvests wave, flocks feeding stand,
And bids you spare your native land.

No common ardour fires the soul
Of Britons that, to Alfred true,
Mark his past laws the unjust controul,
And hope his future toils to view.

For he your rising greatness plann'd,
Who bids you spare your native land.

He, to repel the furious foe,
First shelter'd with a fleet our coast,
(Reserved our best defence to show,)
Which henceforth shall be Britain's boast.
This praise, at least, his deeds demand;
Then spare, ah spare your native land!

Or if this king, this country, fail,
Ye hold, to merit your applause;
Haste where less haughty lords prevail:
Where justice springs from freer laws.
Go; ease our fears, a blameless band;
And spare, ah spare your native land!

SCENE XIII.

Attendants. To them enter Ceoluph.

1 *Off.* Thou whom we see approaching to this spot,

Art come, we hope, and by thy garb presume,
With friendly purpose.

Ceo. Friendly sure to Britons
He comes, who, summon'd to a meeting here,
Aims only to deliberate on their welfare.
Yes, Ceoluph still owns unrivall'd zeal;
And say, intent upon what separate project,
You shun the war?

1 *Off.* Our office is our answer:
We are not among those the war has brought.

Ceo. What! is the queen arrived? the event I feel
Sufficient to alarm a loyal breast:
But say, can Ceoluph's advice avail her;
Or has she met with earlier counsellors?

1 *Off.* Some we have seen, and thankfully decline
The courteous offer.

Ceo. Yet I still may serve you
By joyful tidings: for I wait the king.

Vass. [*behind the scenes.*] Yes, 'tis Lord Ceoluph. O give me way.

Ceo. Those accents seem familiar to my ear.

1 *Off.* We only know 'tis one accused of treason—
Perhaps for this thou hast the royal summons.

SCENE XIV.

Ceolupb, Attendants. To them, enter Vassal, breaking from his keepers.

Vass. O lend thy aid to suffering innocence!
Hear, my good lord.

Ceo. I know this man, my friends,
And curious am to learn what shameful charge—

Vass. I heard the news of the intended meeting,
My lord, deliver'd in a well known voice,
And came. O tell the king my innocence.

Ceo. Let me in private question him, my friends;
I gather from his agitated air,
He less confusedly would unfold his tale
If unobserved.

1 *Off.* [*to the Attendants.*] Retire you to the wood

From whence the prisoner came, and thence observe him,
As is your duty, but remote from hearing:
We, with the caution which our general counsell'd,
Will, in the cottage, near the queen remain.
[*going.*

Ceo. But still beware lest her too great impatience
Afflict her in the important conference;
Say not the king waits here,

1 *Off.* My lord, I will not.

[*Exeunt* 1 *Officer with a few into the cottage, and the other Attendants into the wood.*

SCENE XV.

Ceoluph, Vassal.

Ceo. Now we may freely speak. What mean those chains?
Do they not bode such knowledge of our purpose,
As blasts all hope?

Vass. No, thanks to the old spirit
Of Saxon liberty, whose nicety brooks not
That summary conviction which denies
The respite I enjoy. I firmly answer'd,
Trusting that time would furnish means of flight.
O my good lord, how hadst thou smiled to hear
Thy slave debate the interests of Ireland! [*laughs,*

Ceo. 'Twas wisely done; the plea that freedom yields us,
Shall make its cause our own, though we despise it:
But say, must Alfred and his family
Meet at my risk; he will not soon release me,
Hearing from them that treason's in the wind.

Vass. I guess'd thy late injunction was to hinder
The queen's ill-timed appearance, and 'twas well;
Yet art thou ignorant of half our hopes.
Know, Enterprise will have a noble field,
And we be gainers by our seeming hindrance;
Retarded only with his queen and son,
No vulgar hostages, to join the Danes.

Ceo. What is thy plan? say, did the Danes suggest,

On my first message, any means of this?

Vass. Yes; so they hoped to repossess this station;
I thought the mention useless, when our general
Led on the charge, and overbore resistance.
Then quickly seize the occasion: feign a flight,
The Irish will pursue, and our mix'd bands
From ambush burst on these defenceless quarters.

Ceo. But why defenceless? you expect, I judge,
The guards.

Vass. They will possess the avenues
Conducting to this ground.

Ceo. And so repel us.

Vass. No; beneath one a Roman arch was found
To pass unseen, that in the distant wood
Is open'd, and appears. 'Twas pierced so late,
Not even the neighbouring tenant of this cottage
Can give due notice of the wish'd surprise,
Should you attempt it; but its outlet, mark'd
By yonder rugged hillock, will admit you
Ev'n to this spot, deceiving every guard.

Ceo. I know not how we may fall back unseen

Again, so far retreating under ground;
Above it, now we shall be closely watch'd.

Vass. Then quickly leave the king, and seek
the army.

Ceo. No; first the chance of a more flattering
fortune
Must not pass slighted by; for, be assured,
I meditate one final effort now
To gain the royal favour, long enjoy'd
By the unworthy minions of his reign.
O think how I should triumph in their downfall!—
Besides, the English cause is now successful.

Vass. Be not deceived: he never will desert
His loyal servants.

Ceo. Am I then to learn
That interest is man's god, and Alfred human?
My power is matchless in the land; my will,
If kindly he receive the overture,
Prepared to crown him a despotic prince.

Vass. Thou wilt delay the attempt, my lord,
till time
(Which we most fear) give credit to the charge;

And ev'n thy own retainers dare not aid thee.

Ceo. If I succeed in this, remember, thou
Wilt soar with me to all the heights of favour.

Vass. And, if thou fail, captivity will sink me.

Ceo. That is less sure—When thou couldst hope so late
For means of flight, what raises thy despair?

Vass. But see, the king approaches with his followers;
To wait their coming might be fatal to thee,
If he have heard the tale of our detection;
And hazard thy arrest—See, he speaks to them.

Ceo. 'Tis but to enjoin them to remain aloof;
While he comes on alone. Thanks to yon thickets,
He has not seen one messenger to instruct him;
Do thou draw only farther still from hence
The queen's attendants, lest discovery
Again be risk'd.

Vass. I go, without delay. [*Exit.*

SCENE XVI.

Ceoluph. To him, enter Alfred.

Alf. A sound of voices reach'd me, as I came,
Assisted by this stillness of the air;
I fear, my lord, I mar some conference.
Ceo. 'Twas one subordinate, who listening took
His orders; he resigns his place to Alfred.
Alf. This careful secrecy becomes a meeting
Of different sort; time only now permits me
To ask thee the position of thy troops.
Ceo. Yet did I dare to think, ere Alfred form'd
The solemn contract between king and people,
And rude beginnings of the British state,
The well-meant counsels of plain honesty
Might gain his patient hearing.
Alf. Is't then so?
And mean'st thou to discuss what might employ
A senate long, now in the hour of battle?

Cor. Yes; for 'tis now that prudence most requires
The close discussion of this weighty subject;
While thou hast yet within thy power the means
To make it useful. I beseew those means;
My well-proved followers, if thou say the word,
Shall, when the rest victoriously disband,
After our recent toils, remain in arms;
They shall compel the people to adopt
What laws thou wilt, and prove that Coriolgh
May be suspected, but was ever loyal.

Aff. 'Tis, I acknowledge, an important counsel,
Not mark'd with feeble resolution, this,
To levy war upon my subjects, led
By dreams of fancied good. Yet let me say,
Our maxims differ wide; I hold, my lord,
That only is, in states, a wholesome change
Which springs from peace and unanimity.

Cor. May then no spirit of rebellious rage,
We could prevent, burst forth among the people,
And spread destructive to whate'er we prize?
If so, to extinguish it take active care.

Alf. What instance canst thou bring in proof
of it?

Ceo. Their swelling hopes, that undissembled
zeal
With which all cry, " Alfred will surely grant us
Those rights our Saxon ancestors possess'd;
He will restore us the regretted jury."

Alf. 'Tis that same argument, which, in thy
judgment,
Declares them wrong, that rescues them, in mine,
From every blame, and justifies their hopes:
For, be assured, if any recompence
Of public services to me were grateful,
It were that Britons should, in future, say,
" Alfred establish'd here the ancient jury."

Ceo. Did I, as clearly know that government
Thy wisdom plans, as this divulged intention,
I should not hesitate, my liege, to affirm
What rights consist with it, or what possess
Too uncongenial natures to endure it.
If to the people's judgment thou confide
The helm of state, thy reverence of their will,

Steer they or wrong or right, will ne'er obstruct them.

Alf. Think not I wish democracy should rule
In England's realm: too rare is its success.

Ceo. And yet I know no other goverment,
Where such wide liberty of speech and action,
Unawed by power, can prove the people's boast.

Alf. Instead of governments which have been tried,
Think but of one Rome's sages sought to try,
And 'twill unriddle all the mystery:
For 'tis that time (which never may return)
When theory, to statesmen oft delusive,
Can, without dread of harm, give law to practice.
I hope, my lord, to see in this our island,
Power duly dealt among three different orders;
King, lords, and commons, and Heaven speed their counsels!

Ceo. [*Aside.*] Here is an unexpected road to favour:
I'll instant strike into the lucky track.

Alf. What sayst thou of our hope to realize

The beauteous visions of immortal men
In the calm shades of philosophic ease?

Ceo. Mute with amazement, I contemplate, sire,
That penetrating sense which could discover
When Theory lays down her harlot arts,
And give her heighten'd charms secure to Britons.
Yes, let me now congratulate the country,
In which true liberty shall first be seen:
The nations of the earth, in future times,
Shall view with envy this high-favour'd isle;
(Where policy unites each true advantage,)
And, while they sum its blessings, think of Alfred

Alf. It gives me joy, since thou art satisfied
With my design, that such repugnance conquer'd,
Leaves us no further subject of delay.

Ceo. Believe it, ardently, my liege, I hope
To second thy great aim, and, if thou speak,
Hasten to execute whate'er commands
Are given, and justify thy confidence:
Name but the office thou design'st.

Alf. My lord?

Ceo. No slow or sluggish agent shall I be
To do thy will; tell me, I say, my liege,
What warlike enterprize shall be my task
To forward thy intent, and how I may,
Partaking of thy counsels, prove at once
My secrecy and zeal.

Alf. The topic seems
More copious than erewhile, nor longer fit
To be debated here. Tell me, my lord,
Where lie thy troops?

Ceo. That path conducts to them.

Alf. Then know, I purposed to inspect them with thee,
From some adjoining place, and on our way
Can hear whatever thou mayst choose to treat of.
Dispatch that business soon, which, when I came,
Employ'd thee, and o'ertake me in the wood.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XVII.

Ceoluph.

Ceo. I see how likely is my suit to prosper.—
Neglect in one, whom we can harm, becomes
Intolerable as insult.—[*looking after Alfred.*]
My obedience
Thou hast once more, 'tis after that—revenge.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The progress of the day discovers the background of the prospect, hitherto in shade, as the foreground is at present. The ruins now appear, on a distant hill, of a monastery, which had been destroyed by the Danes; and near which, as was usual, a stream passes, rushing down the declivity.

Attendants.

1 *Off.* I tremble, hearing you, to view yon scene
Display'd, so brightly, by the ascending sun,
The work of no far distant enemy.
Then has the chief, by this deceitful tale,
Withdrawn the king from hence.

2 *Off.* We could not find them;

Though promised Alfred would survey the ground,
So better to secure the queen; and then
Would hasten to her presence.

1 *Off.* While designs
Are form'd against us, do our guards delay?

2 *Off.* No; late we saw the prince disposing them,
And told him our distress, ere we return'd
To make it known to you. Behold, he comes.

SCENE II.

Attendants. To them, enter Mervin.

1 *Off.* Prince, we would gladly learn what cause of fear
This lord's suspicious conduct gives to us.

Merv. The general's promptness has removed already,
My friends, all cause; he knew no hostile force
Could leave the assembled army, ere these succours;

He rather hopes the king will be deceived.
By some new wile; from which his wisdom guard
him!
If the queen need my presence, I would know,
And do her will; I shall not be far off. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Attendants.

1 *Off.* I will convey the message, and meanwhile
Let music's sound exhilarate the queen,
As she desired, commending graciously
Our late attention. [*Exit into the cottage.*

SCENE IV.

Attendants.

2 *Off.* [*to the harper.*] For thou wilt not, sure,
Seek for a subject; to the worthy prince,
Who late has left us, thou may'st now do honour,
And sing the praise of Arthur, and of Wales.

SONG.

When Arthur fill'd the island-throne,
He stemm'd the boisterous flood that pour'd
The exhaustless strife; on hosts alone.
The champion urged his guardian sword,
Piercing the Angle's firm array;
The Power invoked to Christians known,
As shed its shining blade a ray
Auspicious to the Briton's fame,
And, to the savage tribe of Thor,
Amazement, o'er the files of war,
And Death, where'er it darted, came.

Chiefs prostrate lie, whose aspect awes,
As oaks with ruin heap the ground,
Fall'n ere the threats of Lightning pause,
And cease the whirlwind-waste around.
For toils like these, the Cambrian sings,
Absolved from Nature's common laws,
The destined sire of future kings

Reclines on flowers of fairy land;
And, o'er the race he fired in vain
With freedom, and his ancient reign,
Again shall stretch his wish'd command.

But tell, my harp, that from on high
Subdued the terrors of the tomb;
He sees fierce arts from Albion fly,
Rejoicing in his country's doom;
Sees old Consent, and public Care
Greet us with titles arms deny,
And sends his banish'd bands to share
A friendship may for ever live;
While to the land the victor sways
Their names alike (if that is praise)
The foes of other ages give.

SCENE V.

Attendants. To them, enter Alfred meeting
1 *Officer.*

1 Off. The prince, my liege, has doubtless made our state
Known, as you pass'd the guards.

Alf. 'Tis true, I know it;
But Ethelred ere this had told me all,
When, with the traitor Ceoluph, I saw him.

1 *Off.* Joyful, as Britons, we behold our king
Deliver'd from his snares.

Alf. I know not, friends,
If we may suffer more from his designs.
Suspicious of his faith, I had resolved
With him to view his troops: which late employ'd us:
But when we saw the distant Ethelred,
This traitor, fertile in deceitful pretexts,
Told me,—that now to better counsellors

He left his king, and went where duty call'd him.
Long I observed him march with hurried pace;
But could not learn his purpose, till at length
He disappear'd among his own retainers.

1 *Off.* What dost thou order us, my liege, to do;

Alf. Fly with the queen and prince, avoiding here
To leave them longer to the event of war.
By me instructed, Ethelred will keep
His trusty bands prepared to second Mervin,
And rush, if needed, to protect this station.

[*Exit into the cottage.*

SCENE VI.

Attendants.

1 *Off.* Well does the king, to guard, with each precaution,
His helpless queen against a barbarous foe.

2 *Off.* Thy words denote unwonted apprehension.

1 *Off.* The woman's late discourse, had'st thou with us
Enter'd the cottage, might have proved to thee
What terror may these savage tribes inspire,
Uninfluenced by respect for sex or age.

2 *Off.* 'Twere dreadful, surely; but since now arrived,
The guards, I hope, will cover our retreat.

1 *Off.* Heaven grant they do—But hark, the latch is moved:
Fall back. The approaching king will soon instruct us.

SCENE VII.

Enter Alfred, Elsitha, and Attendants, from the cottage.

Alf. Yes; hasten to the pious hermit's cell
I have described, hid in embowering woods;
Which, though not distant, has been still conceal'd
From wandering Danes; and ever must defy

So I might see in safety those whose love
Far dearer ties had rooted in my heart.
Nor would, I trust, thy sorrows in retirement
Be thus oppressive; but when study's charms
(Which most avail to banish thy sad thoughts)
Have ceased their influence, my unwearied cares—

Alf. 'Tis not the fear of want, but of disgrace,
Visits the bosom of the wise or virtuous.
Base is the ruler, if, while hope remains,
He leaves his country threat'ned by a foe;
But if his steady zeal is known to all,
And lawless violence alone prevails
By force of numbers, or the wrongs of fortune,
Then he may quit, without a blush, the contest;
Then foreign kings receive him with respect,
And all their subjects, when they see, applaud him.

Els. That time is come for thee. O, instant bear us
From this devoted land! where hope no more
Can tempt to stay.

Alf. [*separating with enthusiasm.*] Hope, say'st thou?

Els. And pray tell me,
When thou hast suffer'd many a mournful year
The worst calamities sad war inflicts,
And art again contending in the field
With the same barbarous and successful foe,
From further strife what can thy country hope?

Alf. Each flattering destiny that can exalt
A nation's glory; cultivated fields,
Where now inhospitable forests spread;
And, where the Thames reflects our humble dwellings,
The capital of earth, and happy seat
Of the protected arts; its busy streets
Crowded with Industry's rejoicing sons;
While on the matchless stream unnumber'd masts,
Like a wide wood, attract the stranger's eye,
And prove the commerce of the world our own.

[*a doubtful noise without; noticed by Alfred.*

Els. O cease to be deluded by thy wishes,
And in thy fruitless rhapsodies proceed;
Cease to repeat what I so oft have heard thee,
That we should be renown'd in history

For noble deeds, be sovereigns of the sea,
Happy at home; and held abroad the refuge
Of Weakness still, and terror of Ambition—
No; never, never shall such times arrive.

Alf. If I have raised too high my expectation,
'Tis not, be sure, without sufficient cause.
In my brave Britons I behold a race
Dauntless in war, but mild and just in peace;
Fill'd with that public spirit, whose pure aim,
And prompt activity extend improvement,
And fired with every great and generous view:
As if rare properties of air and soil
Could add peculiar energy to nature;
Refine their heads and animate their hearts.

SCENE VIII.

Alfred, Elsitha, Attendants. To them enter 1 *Soldier.*

Alf. [*hastily.*] Sounds lately heard inform, with presence,

Of some advantage newly won or lost.
Comest thou from Ethelred?

1 *Sold.* He bade me say,
The desperate foes, with scarce diminish'd strength,
Advisedly, in one arduous effort centering
Courage and skill, and charging with success,
Compell'd us to retreat; nor yield the ground:
Yet knows he thy appearance soon will shine
Our gloom away. In such an unwish'd chance,
When fell Invasion menaces a realm,
He says, if some brave prince, his country's hope,
In whom the activity and fire of youth
Enchant the soldiery, dare lend his aid
To inspire the battle; soon all see, at once,
The danger vanish, where he leads the way;
Soon on the assailants do they fiercely rush,
And drive them recreant back.

Alf. [*agitated, as by suspence.*] Tell him, I come.

[*Exit* 1 *Soldier.*

SCENE IX.

Alfred, Elsitha, Attendants.

Els. And wilt thou, Alfred, then delay to fly
Peril so imminent?

Alf. [*after a pause; going.*] Yes—as his duty
Injoins the king of such deserving subjects.

Els. Whate'er the valued qualities they boast,
They cannot prosper, when in their misfortunes
Heaven plainly seems unfriendly to their cause.

Alf. 'Twill be the duty, then, of noble souls
To leave a high example of their firmness
To future times; to brave superior power
Even at the price of life, and be the last
To flatter pride, and to submit to wrong.

Els. That were resistance to the Almighty's will.

Alf. [*returning.*] No; rather say, 'twere a devout
submission
To this great trial of our faith and valour
Th' Almighty has ordain'd: nor, erring, think,
Elsitha, virtue can be changed by fortune.

Oft, o'er the field, in which the patriot strives
For blameless victory, do gazing angels,
Forewarn'd of his inevitable fate,
Shed their celestial tears; and, when he falls,
They venerate the spot as holy ground.

Els. This praise of slaughterous deeds might suit a heathen;
But, Alfred, thee far less, who art a Christian,
And oft would'st talk of thy contempt of war.
Our mild religion, well thou know'st, enjoins
Pardon of injuries, and bids us live
In mutual love, fraternity, and peace.

Alf. These Heaven-taught maxims often may mislead
Through feeble judgment, or dark policy,
That, envying the fair fame to virtue given,
May feign its worth imperfect to supplant it:
Though, when its arts have prosper'd, it must yield
To like necessity, or act less justly.
To live in lasting peace, is, to the good,
The most approved condition: but, if wrong,
Be ever active to disturb their quiet,

'Tis love of peace that arms them to control it.

[*going, stops suddenly.*

Els. [*retreating.*] Then haste; pursue the course
thy reason warns,
And thy stern virtue grant what thou canst wish
Of honour and renown. Lead forth with thee
Those who may share thy danger, and enjoy
Alike the loud applauses of the world.
Go; you will leave at home, to humbler hopes,
Your weeping wives, a melancholy band,
Who, at their orphan children's future fate
Shall soon be seen to tremble; while, oppress'd
By our contagious grief, the saddening land—

Alf. No; I distrust not, leaving thee, that virtue
Which is so fully tried; thou wilt not cherish
Such dangerous grief; nor will the fair of Britain.
Howe'er they move in that appointed sphere
Which gives its wonted softness to their lustre,
Withdrawn from notice; yet they mark a course
Steady and sure, and, while they charm, assist us.
Their spotless faith, from mild discretion sprung,
Would scorn to furnish arms to Discontent,

Or, with vain fears, conspire against their country.

Els. [*advancing.*] Spare thy reproof: acquit me of a weakness,
And one by thee so blamed. I would obey thee;
Yes, would anticipate by ready deeds
Thy least desire; yet say, while I behold thee,
What is the secret, through whose mystic virtue
(For such, perhaps, has been reveal'd to thee)
A separation, cruel as I dread,
Can prove our wish?

Alf. [*after a pause, firmly.*] To know it is our duty. *Exit.*

SCENE X.

Elsitha, Attendants.

Els. Stay, Alfred, O! [*swoons.*

1 *Off.* Look quickly to the queen!
Support her fainting frame.

SCENE XI.

Elsitha, Attendants. To them enter Editha.

1 *Off.* Lend, aged matron,
Thy aid. Untoward chance!—But she revives.
Els. Afford, good friend, the hospitable shelter
Of thy adjoining roof, that short repose
May there recall my dissipated spirits!
I feel my strength returning—Now lead on.
[*Exeunt Els. and Ed. into the cottage.*

SCENE XII.

Attendants.

1 *Off.* Go, tell the prince that Alfred has left orders
For our departure. We attend the troops;
As destined to escort our helpless band. [*Exit one.*

SCENE XIII.

Attendants.

1 *Off.* The queen's recover'd strength, ere long, my friends,
Will prove the signal of our journey. [*a noise under ground*] Heav'ns!
What noise was that?

2 *Off.* 'Twas surely not far off. [*noise repeated.*

1 *Off.* Alas! the enemy, past doubt, prevail'd
To undermine this station. All is lost,
Unless we prosper in the attempt to bear
The queen to safety. Follow, and assist me.
[*they approach the cottage.*

SCENE XIV.

Attendants. To them, [*noise repeated.*] *enter Ceoluph, with his men from the subterranean passage; stops the Attendants, and speaks to them.*

Ceo. Stir you no further, but resign the charge
Ye cannot save; I claim it for the Danes.
[*to the Soldiers.*] Do you obey the orders ye received;
Fill up that passage straight, to stop the foe.
This is the cottage ye must first surround;
And marching slow and silent through the wood,
Soon will ye reach the unsuspecting guards,
And find their terror second your assault.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

SCENE XV.

Ceoluph, Attendants; and some Soldiers.

1 *Off.* We hope, howe'er success has crown'd
your efforts,
That civil treatment will not be denied
Your royal captives. In compassion grant it.

Ceo. Your treatment will be found what ye
deserve:
If ye presume on daring violence,
Or are detected in intrigue, beware;
The eyes of these surrounding troops are on you.
[*Exit.*

SCENE XVI.

Attendants.

1 *Off.* [*after a silence.*] We, who so little could
foresee the future,

Harbour'd just fear; while our best chiefs have
err'd
Who deem'd us safe. So weak is human wisdom!
2 *Off.* I dread to think how knowledge of her
fortune
May overwhelm the queen. What dost thou
counsel?
1 *Off.* Far be it from us, with imprudent haste,
To inform the queen of these o'erpowering news:
Till it prove fruitless to conceal them longer,
Spite of our ceaseless efforts. No, my friends,
Rather let us dissemble our reflections;
And do thou, harper, wake some air, to banish
Suspicion of our terrible reverse,
As only thoughtful of thy custom'd office.
I will forthwith endeavour to detain her
Till some more favourable turn of fortune. [*Exit.*

SCENE XVII.

Attendants.

SONG.

O nations, urged by hostile Fate
To brave, in adverse ranks, the war,
Taught Heaven's mild lore, nor moved of late
The praise of savage feats to abhor;
For ever quench your kindling rage;
And ah! no more that vengeance waste,
Doom'd for the impious head above;
Or timely seek, with rival haste,
Such lenient aid of peaceful love
As may its lingering ills assuage.

Ere, on each shore, in strength secure,
We saw the invaders with amaze,
Our drooping country could endure,
With better hope, tempestuous days.

Now hapless Christians ease no more,
By social deeds, their common way,
Among the rocks encircling life;
But rudely forced asunder stray,
And menaced by the storms of Strife,
Thoughtful of help enjoy'd before.

Thou, Eirin, long thy silent sighs
With Britain's mingled, shalt remain,
From Heaven imploring future ties,
That mutual may your sons maintain
In endless union, bless'd and free;
Whence the fair isles, with strength combined
Shall happiness, in every land,
From arms protect, and wrong design'd;
And amid waves, securely stand,
The citadels of Liberty.

SCENE XVIII.

Attendants. To them,
Enter Elsitha, Edmund, and 1 *Officer, from the cottage.*

Els. No, do not urge me longer to delay:
Heaven has, I trust, inspired, and will support me.
You see me ready to obey with firmness
The late commands of Alfred; with what haste
You choose we follow—
[*the Attendants seem thunderstruck.*
But what means that air
Of blank confusion, and that backward silence?
Edm. [*pointing behind the scenes.*] O mother,
what a crowd is there, and there!
I did not see those men, when first I came.
Els. Ah! now the riddle is expounded clearly;
Yes, the successful enemy possesses
This spot, and holds us prisoners. Well I know it:

But say, (if it be true,) say, where is Alfred?
Sure he escaped not, and a tenfold fury
Prepares to sacrifice this valiant cause
Of many a pagan's death; this dread of Danes!
I know what ye would say: yes, at this moment
Does Alfred fall. [*weeps.*

[*Edmund runs with an intention of going out.*

1 *Off.* Where dost thou haste, young prince?

Edm. I'll go to all the soldiers round, and ask them
To spare my father.

1 *Off.* Prince, thy father's safe.
We have not heard the king partakes our fortune
In this mishap, and trust he fled ere this:
He is beyond the power of all these soldiers.

Edm. Pray tell me, do they want to kill us too?

Els. Come, come, my son; let us retire from hence,
As suits the wretched, where, with thoughts composed,
We may implore due fortitude from him

Who can deliver us from all distress,
And conquer all our enemies. This way.

[*Exit Elsitha, and Edmund, into the cottage.*

SCENE XIX.

Attendants.

1 *Off.* How touching is this state of tender youth,
That half discerns; and rather on worst woes
Looks with the eye of curiosity,
Than with the heart of fear! Ev'n the queen seems
Too far by pious resignation raised
Above the sad calamity she suffers,
To let dejection lower upon her brow;
Yet much I fear these Danes; and see advance
The British lord, hither conducting one.
Something is, sure, projected, which concerns us.

SCENE XX.

Attendants. To them, enter Ceoluph, and Dane.

Ceo. Abandon straight, to one more worthy trust,
The place where our insulted lenity
Permitted you to stay. Ye shall no more
Repeat your treasons.

1 *Off.* What art they, my lord?

Ceo. 'Tis rumour'd ye have harp'd seditious tunes
That praise the ancient friendship of our isles,
So to corrupt the Irish.

1 *Off.* No such thought,
My lord, had we; nor e'er could have surmised
An insignificant attempt to cheer
The drooping queen had drawn this deep attention.

Ceo Retire, and to this valiant Dane resign
Your forfeit station. [*Exit.*

SCENE XXI.

Dane, Attendants.

Dane. It perhaps were best,
You first apprized her of the purposed change;
Lest, unprepared, she ill support the trial.

1 *Off.* Soldier, we thank thee for the generous counsel;
And trust it bodes a spirit that inclines not
To load her weakness with increase of sorrow.

[*Exit into the cottage.*

SCENE XXII.

Dane, Attendants.

2 *Off.* Eager to shew, in promptness of obedience,
A slight return of kindness, we retire,

And wait at distance, Dane, thy farther orders.
Ev'n gratitude's most unimportant favours
Gain from the just regard. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

SCENE XXIII.

Dane. To him,
Enter Elsitba, and 1 *Officer, from the cottage.*

1 *Off.* The Dane is yonder. [*Exit.*

SCENE XXIV.

Elsitba, Dane.

Els. Surprised at the respect, I learn, good soldier,
Thou pay'st to wretched captives, I came forth;
Willing to testify a grateful spirit.
Dane. My conduct, princess, is, howe'er it seem,
What justice and humanity require,

And my religion dictates. Were it different,
'Twould be at variance with its holy precepts;
And draw Heaven's known displeasure.

Els. At thy words
I am perplex'd. Say, art thou not a Dane?

Dane. Those hard-fought battles, where, for many a year
I strove, accompanied by Danish troops,
Bear ample witness, princess, to my country.

Els. Suspect not that, in any country, Dane,
I doubt the worth of virtue such as thine.
Much I admire whatever unknown stock
Teems with such noble fruit; and think the hand
Of Heaven has scatter'd wide the precious seeds
Of true religion, and will bless the harvest.
What light so surely guides thy happy course?

Dane. One that is darken'd by no cloud of error.
As thou wilt own.

Els. In vain I seek thy meaning.

Dane. When lately Ireland, added to our conquests,

Received our bands, to mingle, as chance led,
Among her own inhabitants, who long
Ere this, profess'd the peaceful faith of Christ,
We, at their blameless, inoffensive manners
Felt secret awe.

Els. Saint Patrick, well I know,
Had civilized the island where he preach'd,
And made it honour'd in the Christian world.
We name it, for this cause, the Isle of Saints.
But hasten to thy tale, and say what follow'd.

Dane. Full many, influenced by the fair example,
Embraced with ardour the divine religion;
And all remain'd, except a few; but I,
Having the confidence of those who led us,
Attended them, at their command, to invade
The coasts of England.

Els. Has, then, providence
So unexpectedly display'd its bounty,
As, in the depth of our despair, to shew us
Favour so rare, and in our prison-guard,
Bestow the best protector?

Dane. To that title, princess,
My conduct is not destitute of claim.
Not to win glory, but restrain the rage
Of barbarous countrymen, at length, in war
Is my sole care. In these surrounding fields,
Oft have the helpless, of each sex and age,
Obtain'd their safety through my secret counsel,
Or needful mediation, from the Danes.

Els. Bless'd is the doctrine whose benign effects
Are thus conspicuous!

Dane. No; the progress yet,
Princess, is small, which Christianity
Has made; and, till this time, its peeping dawn
Hardly gives notice of its cheerful day.
But, by degrees, o'er Europe and the world,
I trust, its peaceful influence will extend;
One mode of policy, one form of virtue
Shall science slowly plan for human use,
(Unless dissentious vanity obstruct it)
Shall steadily remove the ills of life,
And every bar to happiness and virtue;
Till, while we chance to wonder at the change,

And then look back upon a barbarous age,
We bless the heavenly cause which could produce it.

[*Exit, following Attendants: the Queen slowly, as in devout contemplation, enters the cottage.*

ACT. III.

SCENE I.

The orders having been executed for filling the arched passage, the prospect is discovered which it concealed before; and while the rest of the background seems shaded by passing clouds, exhibits the stream, after it has reached the valley, serpentining through a variegated country.

Enter Ceoluph, and Vassal.

Vass. The work that yonder was enjoin'd the Irish,
I see, my lord, is done. That way is barr'd
Against the enemy. 'Tis fortunate
They did not fail us.

Ceo. Yet thy words alarm me:
The prisoners must not be entrusted longer

To spirits so inclined. Where is the Dane?

Vass. I saw him late among the queen's attendants,

Who were dismiss'd, disposing them in safety.

Ceo. Here will I wait him. Say, meanwhile, if more

Thy spies inform'd thee of the daring language

These Irish held.

Vass. Some praise the wide renown

And virtues of the king; some the queen's beauty,

And mourn her own distresses, and her son's.

Others lament the oppression of the Danes;

Vowing that almost, to support its ills

Christian obedience fails. The loyal, too,

They say, can feel; and, in necessity

Behold a plea that sanctifies resistance.

Ceo. And shall we trust to such the royal prisoners?

Vass. Far be it from our thoughts, my honour'd lord.

Ceo. Shall I, for pity of their sufferings, leave them

With Christians, who might pay them much respect,
But would betray their trust? What is to me
Their mild captivity, or soften'd sorrow?
They would, I doubt not, rather than by foes,
Be guarded by the Irish: but if such
As are acknowledged friends, o'erlook their welfare,
And careless of the caution it enjoins us,
Forfeit our confidence, let them be thank'd for't.

Vass. My lord, I own abuse of such indulgence
Well merits punishment.

Ceo. And they shall have it.
Yes, the barbarians will ere long surround them;
That wanton spirit which, removed till now,
Has been without an object, shall be seen
In full display: harshness, or insolence,
Pain, or whate'er besides caprice inflicts
Shall seem a grievous change—

Vass. Softly, my lord;
For we may hence be heard.—And see, at length,
The Dane approaching, whom we waited here.

Ceo. Go swiftly to my troops: let them attend
Without delay. I will inform the Dane
Of what we purpose; that he be prepared
To hasten, with the Irish, from this station,
While we, for present safety, take their office.
[*Exit Vassal.*

SCENE II.

Ceoluph. To him, enter Dane.

Dane. I learn, my lord, 'twas thy desire to see me:
And hence am come.
Ceo. I sought this conference,
'Tis true; and my intention was to tell thee
We need no longer the attendance, Dane,
Of thee, or of the Irish; will dispense
In future with thy care of this our charge,
And see, that 'tis disposed of as shall suit
The common cause.

Dane. I dive not to thy meaning.
Hast thou authority, my lord, to make
This change? Canst thou produce our general's
orders?

Ceo. The authority by which, to guard this spot,
I late conducted thee, I now exert,
Requiring thy departure.

Dane. If, as then,
Thou canst assure me of the chief's consent,
(Whom only I obey) I shall at once
Confess my right now to resign my trust,
And thine as doubtful, to succeed to it.
Till this, it may not be.

Ceo. And dost thou think
The Danes who, for the welfare of their tribes,
Invited my assistance, will pronounce me
So useless now, and of such small account,
That my exertions for the common cause
Must be prescribed by peasants?

Dane. To nought else,
Proud lord, but to the general and his rules
Did I expect obedience at thy hands.

Perhaps by our compliance, we might give
To both content. Alas! good Dane, thou bleed'st.

SCENE V.

Elsitha, Edmund, Ceoluph, Dane, E. Soldiers.
To them, enter the Irish, as lookers on.

Ceo. [*seizing Edmund.*] This is my prize.
Els. O spare my child!
[*swoons, and is carried in by some Irish.*

SCENE VI.

Edmund, Ceoluph, Dane; E. Soldiers, I. Soldiers.

Dane. [*advancing.*] Mark, soldiers,
Maim'd as I am, how, in so fair a cause,
I now unsheath this sword, and bid you follow
To save our honour from this lawless lord.

He, by these insults, on the Danish name
Would cast foul stains, and, our reputed friend
Would trample on our discipline; but you
Know better, as I trust, the brave man's duty,
Than to see wrested forcibly away
What is confided to us.

Ceo. Shew too, you
My faithful troops, ye are not awed by those
Who, under the false garb of law and order,
Ensure rebellion.

[*The Irish furiously charge Ceoluph's Soldiers, rescue Edmund, and form a circle round him.*

Ceo. Ye now boast success;
But ere your plots are ripe, one, at your cost,
Shall come to mar them, whose authority
Ye may perhaps allow.

[*Exeunt Ceoluph and E. Soldiers.*

1 *Off.* 'Tis not unlikely; and we soon may see
Where tend their doubtful murmurs. So, young prince,
Thou wast involved, 'tis said, in a strange scene
Of tumult and confusion, which, I doubt not,
Surpass'd whatever thou had'st known before.
Yet are we glad that, through the aid of Heaven,
We now may give thee joy of the escape.
But how is this? thou'lt be a warrior, prince;
Thou art unterrified.

Edm. [*running towards the harp, and sounding it.*] O yes.

1 *Off.* What, prince!
Why dost thou draw thy hand across that harp?

Edm. Did we not beat them?

1 *Off.* Beat them! yes, you did.

Edm. O, I remember that my father used
To play upon his harp the songs of Ossian,
Who went to battle, fought, and, when return'd,
Would sing so nobly of the deeds he saw,
That, after he had done, I ask'd my father
When he would let me have a sword and spear,

And take me with him to the wars. [*to the harper.*]
Pray tell me,
Canst thou not sing so too?
1 *Off.* 'Tis, be assured,
What the queen's illness recommends. Yes, raise
Some song of triumph, cheerful in its strains,
While I convey to her, without delay,
The important tidings of congenial sort
Our alter'd state permits. This too were useful.
[*Exit* 1 *Officer into the cottage.*

SCENE X.

Edmund, Attendants.

SONG.

That harp, with Scotland's praise of old
Enchanting, o'er the festive hall,
Where Ossian sate, the amaze of all,
Now Britain's undistinguish'd deeds to unfold,

Wakes sweetly, at the poet's call.
" Blessed be the day," he sings, " the auspicious day,
When strong Resistance curb'd our foes;
When, seen conspicuous o'er his vanquish'd clay,
The funeral mound of Hubba rose.

" Ye waves, that lash the lofty shore
Whence his returning squadron flew,
Ye might not Britain's virtue view
Alone; but from the grots of Ocean hoar,
Far, far remote, on labour new
Intent, her chief obscured in base attire
His warlike limbs, and bore the charms
Of music to the haunt of Licence dire,
That Fury throng'd with adverse arms.

Pleased at his mirthful mood, and pleased
At his soft harp's bewitching tone,
While he each secret spies unknown,
The warriors cherish the sweet bane, that eased
The heart of Care; yet, threat'ning shewn,

Drawn by Sir R. Hoare Bart. Engraved by W. Byrne.

(Alfred's Tower, in Selwood Forest.)

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Soon shall his myriads move from Selwood's glade.
Near Valour, bursting from the bands
Of faint Despondence, with resistless aid
Obedient Faith still ready stands."

O realm of ever-living strains,
Thus round thy lakes of Britain sings
Some bard; nor shall the slumbering strings
Pass silently the future wreaths she gains,
Or sway'd by one, or many kings;
Nor shall her sons of Glory want their praise,
With arms, or counsels, skill'd from wrong
To shield a state, or trace the doubtful ways
Of Science, or sustain the song.

SCENE XI.

Edmund, Attendants. To them, re-enter 1 *Officer.*

2 *Off.* How fares the queen?
1 *Off.* Recover'd from the effect
Of her long trance so lately, she appears

As one insensible to what is said.
Yet have I left the tidings, well assured
They quickly will restore her drooping spirits.

2 *Off.* The door is moved. Can it denote her coming?

SCENE XII.

Edmund, Attendants. To them, enter Elsitha, very weak, leaning on Editha, from the cottage.

Els. No sooner did I catch the sounds that told
Something of what had pass'd, than straight I flew
To learn it all. Ah! I perceive 'tis so.
Good folks, I thank you much, if it was you
That saved my child.

1 *Off.* Princess, we have besides
A cause of further joy; our present hopes—

Els. Talk not to me of hope: that is for others.
Once I, too, hoped, but long calamity

And frequent disappointment proved it vain.—
Alas! my strength endures not this exertion,
And I am faint. Conduct me, worthy friend,
Back to the cottage.—[*to Edmund.*] Thou canst
aid to raise,
If aught can, from her present feeble state,
Thy mother: come, and cheer me with thy looks.
[*he runs to Elsitha, and leans fondly upon her.*
[*to Editha.*] Support my steps. [*looking on Ed-*
mund.] Do not stir from me, child.
[*Exeunt Elsitha, Editha, and Edmund into*
the cottage.

SCENE XIII.

Attendants.

1 *Sold.* [*without.*] Long live King Alfred!
1 *Off.* These sounds which rate
Our fortune far superior to our hopes.
What may they mean?

SCENE XIV.

Attendants. To them, enter Mervin, and I. Soldiers.

1 *Off.* Prince, we rejoice to see thee,
However unexpected, join us here.

Merv. Summon'd in Alfred's venerated name,
At length the Irish own their ancient friends,
And have surrender'd to our force the prisoners.
A guard sufficient will, without delay,
Transport you to the place you sought before,
Far from the neighbourhood of war and danger.

1 *Off.* 'Tis fortunate the Dane could not prevent
Their just submission.

Merv. Faithful to his trust,
He long endeavour'd; but the love they bore him
Only avail'd to stipulate such favour

As we were no less forward to allow.
He has his freedom.

1 *Off.* We obey thy orders.

Merv. Then hasten your departure. Go, since now
There is no hindrance.

1 *Off.* [*looking behind the scenes.*] Yet that new appearance
Which cross'd my sight this moment, scarcely proves it.

Merv. [*looking the same way.*] Who is the chief that yonder seems with threats,
With a loud voice, and wild impetuous gestures,
To parley with our troops, ranged farthest off?

1 *Off.* 'Tis Ceoluph, that treacherous lord; who went
From hence just now, to seek the Danish general,
And authorize undue severity,
By his consent, on those he, raving here,
Entitled rebels. By the fate of war,
He finds them distant, and returns alone
To wreak his vengeance on them. Led by thee,

We shall not fear a trial of our strength.

Merv. No; the adjustment of this difference rests
On us two only. No more blood be spill'd!

1 *Off.* Prince, do not hazard, without need, thy person,
Nor slight our ready aid.

Merv. I charge you, stay.

[*draws his sword, and exit.*

SCENE XV.

Attendants, and 1. Soldiers.

1 *Off.* The event will be a source of general sorrow
To all the army, should it be perceived,
In this brave prince's death, unfortunate:
His ardent valour, and the abhorrence felt
By clear integrity, at darkest baseness,
Are the resistless prompters of his rage.
O may the vigour which they lend his arm
Command success!

2 *Off.* Thou heard'st their clashing swords?

1 *Off.* Perhaps from thence thou may'st discover somewhat

Of this momentous battle.

2 *Off.* Scarce I see them:

The drooping foliage so impedes my view,

And now a rapid impulse carries them

Behind the thickest shade.

1 *Off.* Advance, and mark them.

2 *Off.* [*going, stops.*] That is the prince, most surely, who appears

With signs of agitation, and directs

Hither his course,

1 *Off.* May it bode good!

SCENE XVI.

Attendants, I. Soldiers. To them, enter Mervin.

Merv. I bring you

The news, that Alfred hither leads in haste

His earnest bands, though as I fear the cause

Is ill success; whose mournful signs are witness'd
In general flight. Our doubt will shortly cease.

SCENE XVII.

Mervin, Attendants, I. Soldiers. To them, enter Alfred, and E. Soldiers.

Alf. Prince, thus surrounded, as thou art, by foes,
What am I to suppose? Thou, surely, hast not
Fall'n by the fate of battle in their power;
But if thou have, my ready arms shall strive,
With English valour's aid, to wrest thee from them.

Merv. No, Alfred; they are friends, not foes, thou seest,
Who vie with Englishmen in acts of valour.

Alf. Such new society might raise, in some,
A doubt, if thou, prince, art become our foe;
Or rather those, more fortunately friends,

Who lately warr'd against us. But thy faith
In me prevents it.

Merv. Lo! a proof of this.

SCENE XVIII.

Alfred, Mervin, Attendants, I. and E. Soldiers. To them, enter Ceoluph wounded, brought in by Vassal, and others.

Alf. How shall I praise thee, gallant prince, enough?
Yes, 'tis a noble proof—
[*They carry Ceoluph towards the cottage, according to their intention of entering it, and one who precedes is about to open the door.*
But see, his hand
Raised up, as if to warn them he would speak.

Ceo. [*in a despairing voice.*] No; stir not further—set me down—my wound
Asks sudden rest; and while I yet retain

Life's lessening remnant, anxiously I seek
To put it all to profit.

Vass. If, my lord,
Thy purpose be to summon to the attack
Our troops, how great soe'er king Alfred's force,
We stand prepared—

Ceo. [*in the same tone.*] My purpose was not such:
Let them approach him, but exhibit looks
Of meek submission, not of fierce defiance;
And to forgiveness of that breach of faith,
Of which I solely was the unworthy cause,
Waken his mercy. Let them too (and say
My counsel is the richest legacy
A chieftain could bequeath them) ever shun
The paths that lead to treason. Senseless hate,
And senseless envy of superior rank,
Be banish'd from their breasts. Let them not think
That gain is happiness; nor, for its gifts,
Hope plunder in rebellion. Let them, too,
Beware of those, who, by the lure of reason,

Would draw them to destruction. Nay, and urge them
Ev'n to distrust their own self-counsell'd thoughts,
Prompting precarious change.

Vass. My lord, I will.

Ceo. 'Tis thus my faithful troops may satisfy
Their conscience, and their God—I can no more!
Ev'n now I feel a sudden faintness warn
My end approaches fast, and from my veins
The life-blood issuing with a swifter flow,
Leaves cold these torpid limbs—O injured monarch—
Heav'n speed him, and have mercy on my—Oh!
[*dies.*

Alf. 'Tis o'er. Ye vassals of the unhappy lord,
Bear hence the body, and, with decent rites
Let it be honour'd. To yourselves I grant
Free pardon. Go; let his judicious counsel
Sink in your souls, and prove your future guide.
[*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE XIX.

Alfred, Mervin, Attendants, E. and I. Soldiers.

Alf. Thy service, prince, is now again desired;
And for the public cause, I would to thee
Entrust a message.

Merv. Readily I take
The office, Alfred, though the unwelcome task
Were to give sanction to disgraceful terms
Of peace, as conquer'd, with the haughty foe.

Alf. Then listen to what terms I grant the Danes:
Pent yonder, as they are, in Bratton castle,
With numbers lessen'd, and an humbler spirit—

Merv. Repeat thy words. What! have we gain'd the day?

Alf. Yes, never Alfred has beheld, till now,
His power so firmly fix'd, or stretch'd so wide
Over this beauteous isle. The king of Scotland,
The prudent Gregory, for his country's good,

Had wisely sought protection from our own,
And sent his brave auxiliars to the war,
As subject to our sway. Since which event,
Almost the sovereignty of Britain's mine.

Merv. Almost!—'tis quite: I hail thee king of Britain.

Alf. This cannot be. Thou, for thy state, I know
Dost homage; but thy brother Anarawd,
Who rules the territory of Northern Wales,
Long persevered to hinder it; and from us
Withheld his aid in the destructive war
The Danes and we have waged; yet 'twere, in truth,
What both our interests alike required.

Merv. Then will they meet no further opposition.
The Danish fleet, that hover'd round his coast,
Held him in awe; and to this cause is owed
The involuntary silence he preserves,
And has regretted long. On thy success,
(Commission'd secretly from him I speak,)

He holds himself from henceforth, and his king-
dom,
Subjected to thy mild and just dominion.

E. Sold. Long live great Alfred, the first king
of Britain!

Merv. Prepared to take thy message, I attend
The instruction of thy tongue. What punishment
Does Alfred mean to award the lawless bands,
Who long have wasted every fertile plain;
And mark'd their steps with blood?

Alf. Such punishment
As Christian justice asks.

Merv. Speak then; what is it?

Alf. Different degrees of favour must be
shewn.
To various worth.

Merv. 'Twere worthy Alfred's wisdom.

Alf. Then, since our mild religion teaches us
To love, and to forgive our enemies,
I shall not hesitate. To every Dane
I grant his liberty.

Merv. His liberty?

Alf. And to all those who will embrace our faith,
And leave their pagan gods, to such I give
Sufficient lands, with honest industry,
Spread through the middle counties of our realm,
To thrive in peace.

Merv. So merciful a conduct,
Was oft thy noble policy; but now,
While prostrate at thy feet the foe is seen,
And 'tis no longer needful, dost thou hold
The deed is wise?

Alf. 'Tis just, and therefore wise.

Merv. I swiftly bear these tidings, which will soon
O'ercome their minds with unexpected goodness;
And, if I augur right, no truer subjects
Their gratitude will leave to upbraid their honour.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XX.

Alfred, Attendants, E. and I. Soldiers.

Alf. You, men of Ireland, rest protected here,
Awhile our subjects, till the Danish force,
Enfeebled now by this our victory,
Rouze your brave countrymen to free themselves
From an oppressive yoke. In after times,
I trust, the nations will preserve with care
Their ancient friendship, and all foreign lands
Envy the fortune of the British Isles.

I. Sold. Long live great Alfred, patron of the Irish!

E. and I. Sold. May Irishmen and Britons seem one people!

Alf. Our triumph to complete, it yet remains
That we diffuse the gladness where 'tis due.
I hasten to the queen: do you, meanwhile,
Resign yourselves to joy, nor let the harp
Speak of aught else but Britain's future glory.

[*Exit into the cottage.*

SCENE XXI.

Attendants, E. and I. Soldiers.

SONG.

Slow descending from the plains
Of liquid ether, and the peopled sky,
The converse of the bless'd resign'd,
Daughters of Peace, th' inventive Arts from high
Glance sweet on their remember'd earth.
Floating on colour'd clouds, they seek, inclined,
What guardian Spirit, whence he reigns,
With beck'ning hand, permitted from above,
And voice exulting, bade them speed,
Round whom himself, and powers aerial love,
(To win the noblest realm decreed)
Their blessings wide to extend, and wake their
fruits to birth.

Heavenly harbingers of Joy,
Come, and below, enchanting nearer, smile,
Stored with the secret skill ye boast
Or wealth t' improve, or poverty beguile:
Come; and the trackless desert sow
With Autumn's waving pride; but o'er the coast
Let Commerce all her sons employ,—
To adorn, with glories of remotest lands,
Wide cities, your stupendous work.
For all things own, with well-instructed hands,
Each other's aid, ye grant to lurk
Unpraised no genuine charm, no labour useless grow.

Not the thought-inspiring stream
Of famed Ilyssus, nor the sage's bowers;
Not Tiber's banks your steps attend;
'Twas Britain's Genius, from the bordering flowers
Of limpid Thames that call'd so long
Your radiant beauty, where in pride ascend
Augusta's towers, and neighbouring gleam,

Or verdant paths divide the elms of Shene,
Or forests clothe the winding shore.
What splendour then shall raise the vivid scene,
When you Refinement's gladness pour,
And Virtue wider blooms around the expecting throng!

1 *Off.* I wonder what the intentions of the king
Are in this weighty matter, which must soon
Engage us, the formation of a state.
All who survive the battle of this day
Expect, I doubt not, here, upon the field,
Some declaration of important kind.

2 *Off.* It must be so; for, ere the fight began,
'Tis said, he, with the hopes of liberty,
Of new and better laws, to fortify,
And to extend our rights, inspired their courage.
What it may be, I guess not. If we credit
The voice of Rumour, he intends to lay
Such privileges down, secured by law,
As common virtue scarcely could resign.

1 *Off.* 'Tis safer to distrust those wandering tales.

He means us good; but we shall see, if now
A youthful monarch at his reign's first outset,
Dare liberate subjects from undue dependence,
And give an earnest of regard to freedom.

SCENE XXII.

Attendants E. and I. Enter Alfred, Elsitha, recovered, but pale, and Edmund.

Alf. Soldiers and friends, the toil of battle past,
'Tis now our business elsewhere to seek forth
Some better place of rest; so long condemn'd
To bear the weather's worst inclemencies,
Or find, at most, in some half ruin'd hovel,
Or hut, a shelter from the raging storm,
Each will be lodged beneath his roof again,
And mansions which the Danes have long possess'd
Are open to receive us. There repose
Will be as just as welcome. And yet now
Activity becomes us, and a work
Of lasting import asks the nation's efforts;

Nor shall I shrink from toil, or sacrifice
Of rights, in this revision of our laws.
Oft in discourse ye heard of my intentions;
What ye were told do I confirm; and promise
To make you those concessions. On their base,
(Destined, I hope, to be the pride of man)
The British constitution shall arise;
And may it last till Time shall be no more!

[*They look on each other in admiration. The English, Scots, Welch, and Irish following in procession, in their respective arms and dress.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

NOTES.

Page 146. *Think but of one Rome's sages, &c.*] Cicero's praise of this form of government is known, and Tacitus, though speaking in the style of objection, condemns it only as a fine theory, which had attracted the attention of philosophers, but was impossible to reduce to practice.

Page 153. *When Arthur fill'd the island throne.*] "Arthur, provoked to see the little advantage he had yet gain'd, and that victory yet continued in suspense, drew out his Caliburn, and calling upon the name of the Blessed Virgin, rushed forward with great violence into the thickest of the enemy's ranks; of whom (such was the merit of his prayers) not one escaped alive that felt the fury of his sword." *Geoffery of Monmouth.*

Page 153. *Chiefs prostrate lie.*] Catalina vero longe a suis, inter hostium cadavera, repertus est,

paulum etiam spirans, ferociamque animi, quam habuerat vivus, in vultu retinens. *Sall. Bell. Cat.*

This is still more closely imitated by Rucelai in his Rosmunda, in the following lines:—

E morto ritenea quella fierezza
Ch'avea quand'era vivo, e quell'orrore.

Page 153. *For toils like these.*]

Hac arte Pollux, hac vagus Hercules. *Hor.*

Page 199. *Nor shall her sons of glory.*] "Thy sons of glory many." See Thomson, in his Summer; to whose patriotism, displayed in the rest of the paragraph, this fiction of Ossian's harp alludes.

Page 217. *winding shore.*] The etymology of Windsor.

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by W. Bulmer and Co.
Cleveland-row, St. James's.

More of the Sequel of the Long Story,

DISCOVERED IN THE YEAR 1801.

HERE sudden from the shadowy band
A spruce and gallant spirit started,
Trim were his Whiskers, white his Hand,
Adonis-form'd, and Lion-hearted.

Victor of Ladies, and of Foes,
The tilt-yard trembled at his lance,
Soft madrigals he could compose,
Could strike the lute, and lead the dance.

* In courts, or camps, where e'er he mov'd,
Respect, and fame, his steps attend;
Honor'd by Kings, by Beauties lov'd,
Eliza's subject, Sydney's friend.

Thus in the middle of his prosing
He cuts the Lord Chief Justice short,
"Friend Coke you set the Audience dosing,
'Tis time Sir, to adjourn the Court.

---

* *This courteous Ghost is supposed to be that of Sir George Fermor, an Ancestor of the present Proprietor of* Stoke Park; *he was a particular friend of* Sir Philip Sidney, *with whom he served in the* Netherlands. *He entertained* James I. *and his* Queen, *the first time they met in England, at the Seat of his Family at* Easton Neston, *in* Northamptonshire, *(See* Collins's, Peerage, *under the Title of* Earl of Pomfret.)

[*Printed at Stoke Park.*

" Bards can to Fable, truth impart
Embellished by poetic diction,
You Lawyers have the happy art
To make e'en truth appear like fiction.

" Tho' gentle Bard! no votive lay
Shall mark where rests thy hallow'd dust;
Tho' solemn fabricks far away
Receive thy consecrated bust;

" Yet know a patron shall arise
Sprung from high chiefs of Albion's band,
From Sages sprung who humonize
With arts of peace a savage land.

" He, mid these scenes whose shades among
The warbling Muses caught thine ear,
Worthy the Poet, and the Song
A monumental shrine shall rear.

" Near, are the village fathers laid
Recorded in thy plantive strain,
Near, Eton's Academic shade
And lofty Windsor's proud domain.

" Here when the Moon's wan lustre pours
A trembling radiance o'er the grove,
Or in pale twilights glimmering hours
Thy gentle spirit oft shall rove.

Not

" Not like the goblins grim that scare
The maidens as they come from milking,
And render useless Jefferd's care,
Her hopes of cream and custard bilking.

" Mild as the sylphs that gently rise,
That glide in airy form along,
And unobserved by vulgar eyes,
Seen only by the man of song.

" The massy roofs, the embattled wall,
That seem the assaults of time to scorn
Shall fall—but glorious in their fall,
With ruin'd state the scene adorn.

" While, on yon upland's breezy height
Design'd by classic Wyatt's taste,
A polish'd dome shall charm the sight
With Grecia's purest orders graced.

" And in the placid wave below
That seems thro' shadowy dells to glide,
With mild refulgence shall it glow
Reflected in the silver tide.

" The walls excluding every view,
The walks by line and compass laid,
Clipt to unsightly shape the yew,
And cabinets of tonsile shade.

" Shall vanish all---For mid these seats
  * Lo a magician waves the wand,
And starch formality retreats
  From Albion's cultivated land.

" Thro' fragrant shrubs thro' plants unknown,
  From climes yet undiscovered brought,
Smooth winds the undulating zone
  As Nature had its progress taught.

" Nor shall my Lord Chief Justice, you
  The change with envious eye discerning,
Your legal worth neglected rue;
  For, friend of universal learning,-

" Patron of worth in every form,
  Revering happy Albion's laws,
With patriot ardor nobly warm,
  Zealous in temperate freedom's cause,

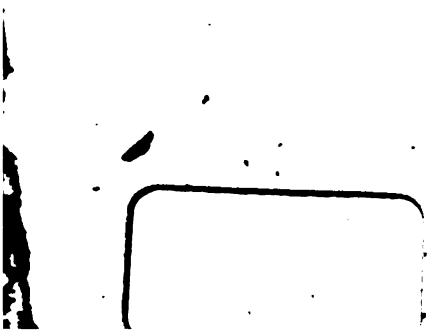
" The princely Owner's liberal hand
  Shall to thy name a column raise;
And all who tread this fairy land,
  As on its former lord they gaze,

" Shall, while of taste this lov'd abode
  With never-wearied step they trace,
Bless the true votary of that code
  Which guards what every Muse has graced".

---

* *The Grounds at* Stoke Park *were modernized about thirty years ago, by* Richmond, *on a Plan not much dissimilar from one of* Brown's, *who was Gardener to Lady Cobham at the time our Poet was brought before her Ladyship, as is suggested in the* Long Story.

ERRATA. VOL. I.

Page xxii. *line* 9, *for* "assert," *read*, assent.
—— xxvii. — 2, *from the bottom*, *for* "ought to have been said to produce pleasure; for by Burke, &c." *read*, "ought to have been said by Burke to produce pleasure; for, &c."
—— lxxviii. *last line*, *for* "with that view," *read*, with a view.

Page 28. *line* 4, *after* "power" *dele the comma.*
—— — — 10, *after* "good" *a full stop.*
—— 33. — 11, *for* "poet's," *read*, poets.
—— 91. — 16, *after* "mirth" *a full stop.*
—— 98. — 5, *after* "virentia" *a full stop.*
—— 115. — 9, *for* "un'awed," *read*, unawed.
—— 119. — 16, *for* "precints," *read*, precincts.
—— 123. — 1, *after* "title" *a full stop.*
—— 152. — 4, *from the bottom*, *for* "For," *read*, Far.
—— 178. — 6, *for* "art," *read*, are.